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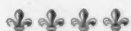
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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REFLECTIONS

Get Rich, Nit

I SN'T there too much of the get-rich-nit scheme about the advertisements of stock in various concerns having secured concessions from the World's Fair management? They are all such good things, it would seem to be rational to ask why these promoters don't take the stock themselves. The men who have the concessions are too generous. If they have these 100 per cent stocks for sale they could dispose of them to the local financiers instead of trying to unload them on the public. The papers dare not say a word about these widely advertised snaps. Why? Because so many prominent citizens are "in with" the concession graft? Or is it because the "graft" is advertised at good rates in half-page slabs of electrotype, worded just like the get-rich-nit schemes of a few months ago? What is the clearing-house association doing against local fake banks? What are the local financial leaders doing to prevent the public from being gulled into buying inflated stock in concessions that may never pay? Does the World's Fair management purpose to stand such palpable skin-games? If there were any reasonable certainty that any of the stock schemes offered the public in these flaring "ads" would pay anything like what the promoters promise, does anyone think for a moment that the "snap" would ever even have been whispered about outside of the directors' rooms of the banks and trust companies? This town is getting to be known the country over as the home of the get-rich-quick snap, and "our prominent citizens" do not seem to hesitate in the least about getting into the game while it's at its height.



A Handsome Man

POPE PIUS X, if his pictures belie him not, is entitled, at least, to the distinction of being the handsomest man in Christendom.



The Mettle of the Pasture

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN has written and published a story called "The Mettle of the Pasture." It is a much belauded book. I couldn't read it. The problem it presents is ancient,—and Mr. Allen appears not to have solved it, if I have read aright the critics who have so unconsciously puffed him. Should a man tell all his past to the woman he is about to marry? That's the problem. The trouble with it is that the possible solutions depend upon the past, the man and the woman. Some women could be told. Some women should be told. Others should not and could not be told. No woman, probably, could stand for all a man's past. Unquestionably, we should be truthful to the ladies we ask to marry us; but more unquestionably women were wise not to inquire too much of the men they are about to accept. Mr. Allen's hero "told all," and lost the woman he loved. Mr. Allen makes his hero suffer much, but one doubts whether Mr. Allen has not "laid it on with a trowel." His whole book—so far as I could progress into it—doesn't seem to

have as much grip and grasp of the ante-nuptial explanations as are to be found in the opening chapters of Edith Wharton's novel in Scribner's, entitled "Sanctuary." Mr. Allen's book would seem the more likely to have been written by a woman. I do not like "The Mettle of the Pasture." It makes me tired.



Mystery

THE coming World's Fair means, if it means anything, more revenue for Transit Company stockholders. But Transit stock goes down steadily. Here's a mystery for a Sherlock Holmes!



The Bridge Arbitrary

OVERSANGUINE people look to the Government to abolish the bridge arbitrary. The tolls may be hidden. They never can be abolished. Terminal facilities cannot be operated for fun or for the operating company's health. The railroad companies, before any bridge was built, fixed their terminals at East St. Louis. There, in course of time, the terminals have been enlarged. Land was cheaper in East St. Louis than in this city. Land is cheaper there to-day. There would be no bridge arbitrary in question, but for the fact that the greater part of the terminals are across the river. Suppose those terminals were to be transferred to this side in some section close to the business district. The cost would be greater than the cost of all the terminals at present existing on this side. And at the present time, it is a longer haul to and from the business district, to and from cars at Compton avenue than to and from cars at East St. Louis. The Government may seize the Merchants' Bridge under the law against a merger with the Eads Bridge. But the Government, running the Merchants' Bridge and its terminals, would surely not operate them for nothing, and would have to collect bridge tolls and switching charges. In the long run, the Government would have to sell the Merchants' Bridge back to the Terminal Association. The roads belonging to the Terminal Association would not use a bridge in opposition to their own. They would run over the Eads Bridge, even if, by sending all freight and passengers over one bridge, they would create a freight blockade four times as great as the one we now suffer. Taking the Merchants' Bridge away from the Terminal Association would make matters worse, instead of better for St. Louis business. This whole bridge arbitrary question seems to be a quibble. The men who shriek against the Terminal Association "want St. Louis on the map." Suppose it was on the map. Would it be possible to send goods over the bridges and the terminals for nothing, or for less than is now charged? The distance between here and East St. Louis has to be traversed, and the trains traversing it have to be paid for, whether St. Louis be a way station or a central point of commerce. The Terminal Association may be a monopoly, but so would be bridges and terminals operated by city, State or Nation. There's nothing essentially wrong in monopoly, and all the terminals under one management has advantages over independent terminals. The greater the monopoly the easier it is for the people to get at it, and bring it to time. The Terminal Association is certainly "got at" effectively when its ordinances for increased facilities are denied. The Terminal Association is "hit" just when it is most anxious to serve the public interest, when it purposes the expenditure of seven million dollars to

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facilitate the World's Fair. It is denied the right to increase its facilities at the very time when a paralyzing freight blockade emphasizes the need of the increased facilities. The Terminal Association is "crucified" just when it aims to do its best to help the city and the city's greatest enterprise. So much for the immunity of a monopoly. So much also for the popular sense of fairness. The city of St. Louis, before six months have passed, will be denouncing the men and the institutions that have recently been prominent in obstructing the extension and perfection of the terminals and harrasing the Association. If the city will not give the Association terminals, there will be a greater freight blockade. There will also be a passenger blockade. The failure of the terminal ordinances and the success of the movement to take from the Association the Merchants' Bridge may mean the failure of the World's Fair. The city, in fighting the Terminal Association, is biting off its nose to spite its face. The men who howl that the terminal monopoly is tying up the city, only help the company to tie the city tighter by refusing greater facilities. The anti-monopoly yellers are simply strengthening that strangle hold which they claim the terminal company has on the city's trade. The enemies of the company are its best friends, if, as they claim, the company is the rapacious, ravening enemy of the public. There never was before such a fool crusade as that at present raging against the Terminal Association. There never was a movement more calculated to injure the city's best interests, to intensify the evils against which the crusaders protest, to send business around about rather than through St. Louis, to put the city more effectively "off the map" in the statistics of commercial development.



The Situation

PIERPONT appears to have been "a good enough Morgan" until prosperity began to perspire too freely. There is too much Standard Oil on the troubled waters of Wall street. And so we have a gambler's panic.



Reforms in Dentistry

SUITS against dentists are multiplying. Only recently, the proprietor of a Chicago "dental parlor" was mulcted six hundred dollars for having been careless in the use of cocaine and operating with unclean instruments. Among the better class of dentists, the opinion is growing that something should be done to extirpate the fakers, those who set up as reputable practitioners without having the requisite knowledge, and are intent solely upon getting "customers" whom they may defraud and fleece, and, as it frequently happens, dismiss at the end of the "treatment" with defective work, ruined nerves, or broken jaws. There is any number of these dishonest, ignorant dental quacks. In every large city one can find "dental parlors" where underpaid and ill-educated students are permitted by the smirking, suave proprietor to torture and injure guileless, confiding people. In reference to this matter, stress is laid, in a late edition of the *Dental Cosmos*, upon the striking advances made of recent years in dental practice and science. Fifty years ago, the practitioner had but a rudimentary, vague knowledge of his profession. Of such things as pathology and bacteriology he, of course, never dreamed. His profession was mechanical rather than scientific. Since then, dentistry has been elevated to a most important and comprehensive branch of surgical science. The first-class dentist of the present day has gone through years of theoretic and practical study. At Harvard, he must take a three years' and at other colleges even a four years' course. He is expected to have a good medical and

surgical knowledge. If he wishes to keep abreast of the times, and retain reputation, he must pay close and constant attention to the latest developments in dentistry, and everything directly or indirectly connected therewith. There are now prominent practitioners who insist that only those who have received the M. D. should be given the dental degree. They base their demand upon the logical assumption that dentistry must be regarded as an important branch of medical practice. There are various interesting surgical operations to be performed by the present-day well-trained dentist. He must have more than a mere smattering on antiseptics and skin-diseases. In cases of tumors and abscesses thorough familiarity with bacteriology is an imperative pre-requisite. Medical practitioners are often compelled to consult skilled dentists in certain contingencies. Undoubtedly, State legislatures can do much towards improving the professional status of reputable dentists. The Illinois law-givers recently passed a timely and well-conceived measure along lines advocated by progressive dental societies, but, for reasons he refused to state at length, Governor Yates considered himself justified in attaching his veto to it. In California, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts reform agitation is everywhere in progress, and expected to result in some much-desired legislative action. With the intention of assuring uniformity of legislation, the National Dental Organization has been importuned to draft a bill that might serve as a model to all States and, incidentally, lead to the retirement of the "dental parlor" man. The latter's days of large profits are evidently numbered. He is rapidly losing caste. Perhaps, but for his nefarious methods and malodorous reputation, the dental profession would, as a whole, enjoy the confidence of the public to a much higher degree than it does.



What Hawes Is Doing

THERE are some thousands of people who think that Harry Hawes, the local Democratic leader, is not in Europe, but is in hiding in this country from "the bogey man," Mr. Folk. But those people don't think. There is soon to be a shake-up in the police department. Mr. Hawes is in Ireland gathering together a fresh supply of material for the force. He will visit Germany for the same purpose, later, as the southern wards have to be kept in line by the appointment of Germans on the force.



Roosevelt's Danger

OUR President is becoming painfully pragmatic. He defends and proclaims the axiomatic at the slightest provocation. He is showing a reprehensible tendency to lecture the public on self-evident propositions, and to do it with just a suspicion of sensational purpose, as, notably, in the matter of his warning against race-suicide. The President should beware. The American people do not like to be lectured. That was one reason why Grover Cleveland lost popularity while in the White House. President Roosevelt is in danger of a like loss of popularity so long as he continues to illustrate the point of "Tom" Reed's sarcastic saying: "What I like about Roosevelt is his enthusiasm over his own discovery of the Ten Commandments."



Cuba Is All Right

THERE is extremely little probability of a political uprising in Cuba. The little band of adventurers and bandits in Santiago province is fraught with tremendous significance only in the eyes of *amigo* Americans who are anxiously waiting for the day when the situation on the island shall warrant armed interference and subsequent annexation by the United States. President Palma's government is perfectly able to cope

with petty political disturbances and to squelch the ambitious designs of unscrupulous insular politicians. The republic is in pretty good shape, taken all round. It has a surplus in its treasury; it has made important sanitary improvements; its agricultural and industrial interests are experiencing a touch of genuine prosperity, and its foreign trade is rapidly growing. There is no cogent reason why the island republic should not be able to maintain itself and give the Cuban people the best government they ever had. For Americans, it would seem more decorous and dignified to drop their attitude of expectant heirs, and to have sincere confidence in the intentions and strength of the Palma administration.



If

JOSEPH W. FOLK is the only thing in the world that is appreciating. All other stocks are dropping. He will be Governor of Missouri, if he can carry St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Springfield and Hannibal in the Democratic primary. Much virtue—or its opposite—in an "if."



The Helpless Consumer

Now comes the meat trust and files notice that it intends to raise the prices of its products to a level more in accord with the times and permissive of the garnering of larger profits. All that consumers can say in relation to this additional hold-up is: "As you please, gentlemen!" They have become indifferent to news of this kind. They do not care a rap how high combines are going to put the prices for meat or any other durned commodity. What's the use of remonstrating or of calling for the interference of the authorities? There's nothing can stop this insatiable greed of bloated trusts, except business depression. That with its resultant reduction in the people's purchasing power, will prove the only effective means to bring prices down again to a reasonable limit. So far as legislatures and courts are concerned, they are, apparently, unable or unwilling to do anything to protect consumers. Anti-trust laws passed by the law-givers are, as a rule, promptly and neatly knocked out by the judges, who seem to be exceedingly anxious to protect what they consider the constitutional rights of corporations. Did you ever hear of the constitutional rights of an individual? Never in your life. Some months ago, newspapers were full of statements to the effect that the Federal Government wouldn't do a thing to the pernicious, rapacious coal trust. Well, what has been the result? Nothing. The coal trust is still doing business at the old stand and determined to give prices another boost this winter. The Federal Attorney-General was said to be investigating into the methods of this combine. Is he still investigating, or cooling his stately limbs in the surf around Oyster Bay? Verily, the consumer's is an unhappy lot. He pays double prices for the things he needs, and at the same time looks in vain for redress for grievances innumerable. He boasts of constitutions which do not protect him, and of courts which consider it great sport to set at naught laws designed to safeguard the rights of the people. Extortion is the watchword all over this broad and prosperous land of ours. There is none among consumers who can escape its arrogance and tyranny, none who can devise means to bring it to an end. Oh, prosperity, what sins and injustices are committed in thy name?



The Balkan Revolt

THAT Macedonian revolution begins to look like the "real thing." Fighting is in progress almost everywhere in the disturbed province. The massing of Turkish troops means business. Abdul Hamid

may be short on cash, but is not the man to let things of this kind go by default. He knows his position and prestige to be at stake. The assassination of a Russian consul adds to the difficulties of a situation that is strained to the utmost. The European powers are, evidently, badly scared by the determination of the insurgents to throw off the yoke of the Moslem oppressor. Some months ago, their representatives succeeded in inducing the Sultan to grant various administrative reforms, but the Macedonians seem to have become more exasperated than ever since that time by heinous acts of brutality committed by Turkish-Albanian irregular troops. Conditions are such as to cause considerable anxiety, especially since there is grave danger that Bulgaria will eventually be drawn into the conflict, and thereby necessitate the interference of Russia and Austria. The sun of the Turkish Sultan appears to be setting in a sea incarnadined with blood.



Good News

THE Federal Treasury has invented a new process whereby bank notes can be made soft, velvety and non-shrinkable. So let's cheer up, for this is splendid news. The Government is, at last, determined to do the right thing by putting us all "on velvet," not figuratively, but literally. This is a great country, and a great Government, indeed.



Barbarian Fashion

THE arbiter elegantiarum in the world of feminine fashion has decreed that hats trimmed with birds shall be much in style this year. This is news that will sadden the heart of every lover of the little, winged songster. This wearing of dead, stuffed birds is a barbaric and most abominable eccentricity of fashion. Why would woman be ordered, or care, to adorn herself in a manner that is no different in principle from that prevalent among the females of the Fiji Islands, or of the Soudan? A dead bird on a woman's hat looks as repulsive as would a dead mouse in the same place. The wanton extermination of birds is a standing, damnable disgrace to civilization. It lends color to Herbert Spencer's theory that mankind is in a state of rebarbarization. Prompt and vigorous legal measures should be taken to stop it. The time has passed by when the crusade against bird-killing can be entrusted to the Audubon Societies alone. The lawgivers and courts will have to come to their aid.



Obedying Husbands

DOWN East, a prominent preacher has latterly been writing editorial sermons in which he took occasion deeply and laboriously to deplore modern woman's rebellious character as evidenced in her intense dislike of the hymeneal promise to obey him who has captured her hand and heart. The eminent divine should have been advised to save himself all this trouble. There's no use talking about a matter of this kind in this late day of woman-emancipation. We are no longer in the "good, old times," when husbands were regarded as liege lords, and their wives deprived of all rights to have any ideas or will of their own. Why should a good, sensible, educated, liberal-minded woman be required to promise obedience to her husband when the law considers her his life-partner and equal? Besides, is it not true that there's many a wife endowed with vastly more common sense than her husband? The nuptial promise should be simplified. It should require only love,—nothing else. That would be sufficient for all religious and legal purposes. For have we not the words of the great Apostle to the Gentiles to the effect that love includes and means everything? The word "obey" might as well be stricken out

of the formula. It only serves to instil the notion into the heads of conceited yokels that they are privileged to lord it over their wives in any old way they please.



The Monopolizing of Land

A LANDED aristocracy is growing up in America. In the East, especially, is this to be noted. The Wall street millionaires are buying up large tracts of land for hunting and fishing preserves. They want to imitate the lords and barons of the Old World. They have the money, and, this being the case, what's there to prevent them from introducing an aristocratic system of landed estates in this country? It is, however, not alone in the East that this economic phenomenon may be noticed. Elsewhere it is likewise attracting thoughtful attention. In the West, it has been under observation for several years. The cattle barons are now owning immense bodies of land, and are energetically striving to add to them right along. In Nebraska, they have resorted to all kinds of devious methods in the furtherance of their plans. The Washington Government has found evidence of a gigantic land swindle, carried on under the very ægis of the homestead law. The rapacious cattle-baron hates and fears the industrious quarter-section farmer. Since the passing of the irrigation law, he has displayed more than feverish activity in the pursuit of tactics having for ultimate purpose the enlargement of his landed possessions. In view of the immense economic benefits to flow out of the establishment of extensive irrigation systems under National supervision, it is to be hoped that the Government will keep a vigilant eye on the land monopolists in the arid and semi-arid regions. The concentration of land in the hands of a few individuals must be prevented. The remainder of the public domain must be divided among *bona fide* settlers. The establishment of a landed aristocracy in this country would not go well with our democratic institutions and ideals. The feudal land monopolist should not be permitted to flourish and dominate in the prairies, mountains and valleys of the great West.



An Ambitious Duchess

THE Duchess of Marlborough has secured a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week job in the British Foreign Office for her little debonair husband, and on account of this success, she is highly elated and receiving the congratulations of intimate friends. It is said that she scored this triumph through the obliging attitude of that hustler of hustlers, Joseph Chamberlain. The duke has thus been given a chance to distinguish himself in politics, and to earn a little pin money for himself. As the new Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, he should be able to make good use of it by accomplishing something deserving of praise and honor, and thus reward his American wife for her pluck, energy and finesse in diplomacy. Perhaps Consuelo has splendidly vast political ambitions. Being, as she is, a chip of the old block, it can cause no surprise to see her covetous of political advancement for her husband. The latter, while inclined to indolence, is not altogether devoid of qualities ordinarily required of beginners in statesmanship. In his previous unsalaried office of Postmaster-General he displayed, at times, uncommon zeal and a strong disposition to cut loose from traditional methods making for stiffness and inefficiency. He seems to have at last imbibed some of his wife's kinetic American spirit. There is a strong impression that the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are coveting the Indian viceregal honors. The Duchess appears to have good prospects eventually to succeed Lady Curzon (formerly Miss Mary Leiter, of Chicago), as vice-reine of In-

dia. These fine American women of grit, intellect and beauty are pushing to the front everywhere. There is no obstacle that they cannot overcome. They are conducting an "American invasion" of their own, and one that should inevitably make for more amicable international relations, and more of that get-there "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy which has its eye fixed on fundamental principles of justice rather than on Machiavellian refinements and technicalities.



Endangering Trees

WHILE all this street improvement work is in progress in this city, it may not be amiss to ask the question, "what is to become of the shade trees?" A prominent paper of New Haven, Conn., is authority for the statement that asphalt pavement has caused the death of thousands of beautiful shade-trees lining the streets of that city. Similar reports come from other towns where extensive use has been made of asphalt and some other popular modes of street paving. In view of this, it would seem that provision should be made whereby trees may be enabled to secure the necessary water for their roots. The way streets are now being paved, it would seem impossible for them to obtain the requisite nourishing moisture. The pavement is laid from gutter to gutter. The gutter itself is, frequently, of cemented brick, while the side-walk is of a design and material equally inimical to the health and growth of trees. How, then, can the trees be expected to secure proper nourishment for their roots? They certainly cannot live on air, sunlight and occasional dew alone. Of course, streets have to be improved according to modern ideas and requirement, but it will not do to consider shade trees as altogether of secondary consideration. The most magnificently improved street presents but a poor and dreary spectacle when it is not adorned with trees. And this being the case, it behooves property-holders and municipalities to insist that the health of trees be as carefully safeguarded as conditions will permit.



Schwab's Follies and Mistakes

"CHARLIE" SCHWAB, who resigned the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation the other day, made the mistake of his life when he "cut up" in such sensational, flamboyant fashion in Monte Carlo about a year ago. Ostensibly in search of health, he played at the roulette tables with practically the roof for a limit, and generally behaved himself like a man irredeemably addicted to the vicious habit of gambling for big stakes. It is known that his ostentatiously fantastic extravagance at Riviera resorts aroused the intense disgust of J. P. Morgan and of the larger stockholders of the billion dollar trust. How, it was argued, can investors have confidence in the management of a concern whose president spends his money at Monte Carlo and in other ways calculated to make conservative people gasp and stare in sheer amazement? "Charlie" looked upon his escapade as a merely private affair that could be of no concern to any one but himself, but, as he learned afterwards, to his deep regret, his friends and associates and the thousands of people financially interested in his company, looked upon it in a radically different light. To them, it furnished evidence of a trait of recklessness which they had not, theretofore, suspected, and which they regarded as most undesirable in the character of a man in his position. They were, therefore, not at all surprised when the agitation was started which finally ended with "Charlie's" resignation. The latter has only himself to blame for his humiliation and downfall. It seems that his financial successes had turned his head. Like others of his type and career, he made light of great responsibilities. He failed to under-

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stand that the president of a billion-dollar corporation cannot behave himself like the veriest gambler, that he is as much required to put brakes on himself, and to have regard for the wishes and interests of others, as is everybody else working for a salary. Public opinion, in these times of telegraph and papers, is a mighty factor. He who dares to ignore or to defy it, does so at his peril. Corporations, nowadays, cannot be considered solely private affairs. With their great number of stockholders all over the country, they assume national scope and importance, and, for this reason, cannot escape the vigilant, sharp criticism of the public.



HARRY LEHR, with a rose in his hair and a lady's purse at his girdle—what matters the slump in Rock Island, the shrinkage of Morgan, the inability of the Democracy to find a Presidential candidate, Republican doubt as to the nominee for Vice-President—what are such things? Mere trifles! Long live Lehr! But after him—What?



Miles' Retirement

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT made an offensive mistake by letting the memory of his grudge against General Miles get the best of his generosity. The former Lieutenant-General deserved something better than a perfunctorily official announcement of his retirement from active service, after having been such a conspicuous figure in it for many years. He may rightly be accused of having acted the marplot and sorehead at various times. At the time of the acrimonious Schley-Sampson controversy, he even committed a breach of military discipline. Yet, the President could have afforded to let bygones be bygones, and to remember only the distinguished services which the old General rendered his country since the days when he entered the battles of the Civil War. It was somewhat petty for the Nation's Chief Magistrate to show spite and contempt towards an old man and approved patriot on such an occasion. Whatever may have been his faults and mistakes, General Miles was a good soldier and a fearless fighter. He has made a record of which he has every reason to be proud. If he, at one time, made himself guilty of an infraction of the rules of discipline, he probably offended no more than Col. Roosevelt did in making up the famous "Round Robin" at Santiago. There's altogether too much disposition to consider Miles the man rather than Miles the soldier. A century hence, when petty rancors and jealousies are forgotten, the name of Nelson A. Miles will be signally honored in history, and gratefully remembered by his country, even though he could lay no claim to greatness. The President should have acted on the words which a great Englishman said of the Duke of Marlborough: "He was a great man, and I have forgotten his faults."



Lindell Boulevard

LINDELL boulevard should not be a hard-paved thoroughfare, to smash the feet of horses and jam their legs up into their shoulders. Lindell boulevard should be a fine, well-attended-to gravel road. It is the only drive the city has. There is no pleasure to man or beast in driving on a hard asphalt or "bitulithic" pavement. The clatter would drive the occupants of the fine residences along the boulevard from their homes. Lindell boulevard should be a street to drive on, and there would be no difficulty in making it such, if the present paving material were kept, and a few men were employed steadily to keep it in repair. The Board of Public Improvements must not be permitted to de-

stroy Lindell boulevard. And the people who live on Lindell boulevard have some rights, even if they have "got the dough." Let's not tyrannize over the rich any more than over the poor.



Water

ST. LOUIS has a "slight" epidemic of typhoid fever. St. Louis has drinking water that carries the typhoid germs. Why isn't something done to cleanse the water? Typhoidal water is a more dangerous menace to public health than a garbage contract that is denounced solely because of the "temporary unpopularity" of the contractor. The pure water question is the biggest question before this community just now. It is certain that within, at least, ten years, the present water-works will have reached the limit of their capacity. Therefore, it is none too early to begin work that will provide an adequate and clear supply.



Millionaire Lambs

MANY private fortunes must have shrunk severely as a result of the "slump" in Wall street. Some of the devil-may-care gamblers have lost more than they would care to admit. In the last six or eight months, they have been dropping millions just as fast as they used to make them two years ago. The break in United States Steel Corporation shares and bonds is believed to have hit a few plungers particularly hard. Since June, 1902, the preferred stock of this concern has dropped from 91 to 67, the common from 42 to almost 20, and the 5 per cent bonds from about 92 to 76½. When the astounding bond conversion scheme was first brought up for consideration, a year ago, a statement was filed at Trenton, N. J., in which one mysterious individual, by the name of "Bertram Cutler," was credited with one hundred and twenty thousand preferred and twenty-five thousand common shares. Wall street is now wondering what "Bertram Cutler" has been doing of late, and whether he would still care to go on record as the owner of such a big slice of the trust's capitalization. Whoever he may be, "Bertram Cutler" is hardly in the pink of spirits at the present time. In the same statement, H. C. Frick pleaded guilty to the charge that his name was affixed to certificates entitling him to one hundred thousand of the preferred shares. If he still owns that fine lot of stock, his barber and waiter probably have reason to complain of a "slump" in his tipping generosity. Frick does not feel "freakish" any more. He has sobered up while trying to keep track of his disappearing millions. But he may console himself with the philosophic reflection that "there are others." There's Gates, for instance. What is the state of his feelings and his millions at the present moment of bear triumphs and hysterical shrieks of panic? He has not been heard of, or from, for some time. We would like to have another breezy expression from him on the best method to "educate your boys." And then there's Keene, who, the other day, declared that the loss of a few millions only annoyed, but did not embarrass him. What a lofty-minded stoic he must be! To feel merely annoyed at the loss of a sum that would suffice to keep one of us poor devils in good trim for at least two centuries. But we must not forget Russell Sage, the man who still is the cynosure of the whole civilized world, because he has not tired of "puts" and "calls," and that glorious triumvirate—grab, grub and greed,—although he has attained the more than Biblical age of eighty-five years. The suspension of a Wall street firm, it is stated, caused this toiling poor, old man to drop more than a million dollars, but did not deprive him of his usual cool "nerve." Instead of wincing and whining, he bravely denied

that he had suffered a loss, adding, in an access of noble, virtuous pride, "they can't beat me." What a magnificent, stirring expression! These few instances of millionaire "lambs" and "suckers" will suffice. They are a queer lot of fellows. None of them is entitled to our sympathy. They made and lost money, and that is all they ever did. The stock ticker is, and will remain, their idol. At its feet they worshiped, and at its feet they will die, with the final gaze of their eyes fixed on the moving finger of their destiny—the white, narrow tape.



St. Louis' Milk Supply

THE milk supply of this city is not of the best. This is put beyond doubt by the recently published report of the Government on the milk supplies of our large cities. According to figures given therein, the milk sold in St. Louis is of chiefly local origin. There are about nine thousand cows kept within the city limits. Many of these cows, it is safe to assume, are not in healthy condition. They cannot be. They are kept in unsanitary quarters, have neither sufficient exercise nor fresh air, and are fed on stuff that, while fattening, does not make for purity of milk. The suspicion is well justified that tuberculous cows are not as scarce in St. Louis as they are commonly believed to be. The milk inspection we have is of a superficial character. It is not comprehensive enough. It does not come up to requirements. Milk inspection is all right in its way, but cannot be expected to assure that purity of milk to which consumers are entitled. What St. Louis should have, and urgently needs, is milk from adjacent territory, from farmers and dairies within a radius of fifty miles from the city. Considering the excellent farming territory all around, at least seventy-five per cent of the city's milk supply should be drawn from outside sources. There should be large profits in dairy establishments making it their principal object to furnish good milk for the people of St. Louis. Land is selling at reasonable prices, transportation facilities are ample, and quick, and the demand practically unlimited. People with money and enterprise should look into this matter. There is money to be made in it, more so, in fact, than in any World's Fair concession or in the building of "bum" flats, or running of "cheap-screw" restaurants.



Modest Confession

NO ONE else, apparently, being willing to admit having purchased the Kaufmann residence opposite the main entrance to Forest Park, it might as well be announced now, as at any other time, that the place has been bought by the MIRROR. The purchase was made in the name of art—with a view to abrogating, abating and abolishing the monstrous mixture of various schools of architecture, represented in the building. It is a little of everything, from Colonial to classical, from Byzantine to Queen Anne, from Gothic to Ptolemaic. The building, as it stood, was a dangerous excitant to people of taste. It might cause a riot, after the people had seen and learned something of architecture after the World's Fair. So, it will be removed and an elaborately graceful structure will take its place, as the home of the MIRROR and the Valley Magazine, in the midst of a garden that will rival in splendor the one pictured by Claude Melnotte to his innamorata in "The Lady of Lyons."



To Beat Mr. Folk

THE politicians anxious to prevent the nomination by the Democrats of Mr. Folk for Governor, are casting around for a man to beat him with. They want to carry enough delegates to lock the nominat-

ing convention on three or four candidates. This they may do, by carrying solid delegations in the larger cities of the State. Then, when they have the convention deadlocked, they want to have a man to put forward as a compromise. That is all very well, for the men who have an interest, of resentment or revenge, in defeating Mr. Folk. But it will not be well for the man who would accept the compromise candidacy. The men who would use him would be done with him the minute he accepted. Their end would be accomplished there and then. The compromise candidate would still be up against Doom. He would be known as the choice of the boodling contingent and their friends. He would be denounced as their tool. He would be overwhelmingly defeated in the election. No man for whom the writer of this paragraph has any respect or affection would accept a compromise candidacy such as outlined, with the writer's advice or consent. One could scarcely conceive a more damnable trick than the boodlers' design to use some man of good standing and character to his own undoing, in order to defeat a duty-doing official's ambition.

“ISRAEL”

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

HEAR, O Israel, Jehovah the Lord our God is One,
But we, Jehovah, His people, are dual and so undone.

Slaves in eternal Egypts, baking their strawless bricks,
At ease in successive Zions, prating their politics;

Rotting in sunlit Roumania, pigging in Russian Pale,
Driving in Park, Bois and Prater, clinging to Fashion's tail;

Reeling before every rowdy, sore with a hundred stings,
Clothed in fine linen and purple, loved at the courts of kings;

Faithful friends to our foemen, slaves to a scornful clique,
The only Christians in Europe turning the other cheek;

Priests of the household altar, blessing the bread and wine,
Lords of the hells of Gomorrah, licensed keepers of swine;

Coughing o'er clattering treadles, saintly and underpaid,
Ousting the rough from Whitechapel—by learning the hooligan's trade;

Pious, fanatical zealots, throttled by Talmud coil,
Impious lechers and sceptics, cynical stalkers of spoil;

Wedded 'neath Hebrew awning, buried 'neath Hebrew sod,
Between not a dream of duty, never a glimpse of God;

Risking our lives for our countries, loving our nations' flags,
Hounded therefrom in repayment, hugging our bloody rags;

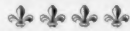
Blarneying, shivering, crawling, taking all colors and none,
Lying, a fox, in the covert, leaping, an ape, in the sun.

Tantalus-Proteus of Peoples, security come from within!

Where is the lion of Judah? wearing an ass' skin!

Hear, O Israel, Jehovah the Lord our God is One,
But we, Jehovah, His People, are dual and so undone.

From Zangwill's Latest Book of Poems.



THE POOR MEN'S TRUST

BBY JAMES NEILSON WOODS.

SOME time ago, Lord Salisbury made the remark that the Liberal movement in England is based on essentially Socialistic principles. That the old, astute statesman made a pretty close guess at the truth, has since been demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction by the large gains made by labor candidates at parliamentary contests. Socialism is spreading in England, just as well as it is on the Continent. And its propaganda will surely make more and more headway, according as Socialistic leaders continue to abandon one ultra-radical theory after the other. In the last few years, the Socialistic movement has been along lines constantly and unmistakably converging towards what is known in all civilized countries as Liberalism. At recent Marxite conventions, evidence of the growing power of the more conservatively rational element attracted general attention, and was hailed with the utmost of gratification by all political parties opposed to violent, revolutionary changes in the *status quo*.

Socialism is becoming less Utopian in its ideals. It is coming down from the clouds of theoretical speculation to the *terra firma* of facts and practicableness. In England, for instance, it no longer keeps aloof from present-day political conflicts; on the contrary, it earnestly strives to grapple with actualities, and to win the support of voters by a dispassionate appeal to their reasoning powers. At the present time, its leaders take an active part in the fight against Chamberlain's protectionism. The Socialists are, necessarily, ardent and uncompromising free traders. They thoroughly believe in a free interchange of commodities between nations. Protectionism, they rightly assume, is equivalent to favoritism towards certain individuals and an outrageous exploitation of the masses. It stands to reason to expect that Chamberlain's new political idiocracy will considerably augment the number of Socialistic voters in the United Kingdom.

It is, unquestionably, due to this spreading of the gospel of Marx and Lassalle that co-operative movements are much in evidence among British working classes at the present day. There is, for instance, the incorporated Co-Operative Wholesale Society, which is popularly known as the "Poor Men's Trust." This unique organization has grown to such dimensions, and has so many branches in all the large cities, that it is fast growing into one of the most powerful economic factors in the entire kingdom. The "Poor Men's Trust" developed out of the decision of a score of half-starved workmen in the north of England to club together for the purpose of procuring the necessities of life at decent prices. It constituted a sort of protest against a combine of greedy shop-keepers which had formulated a scale of extortionate charges. According to the by-laws of the society, nobody is permitted to make any money out of any of its agencies and undertakings. Everybody belonging to it is to receive good food and clothes at cost price.

As a result of the activity of the society, and the immense success it has attained, all British shop-keepers are in a state of commotion, and fearful lest they should eventually have to retire from business. In some sections of the country various futile attempts

have been made to combine them in opposition. The disconcerted shop-keepers have even appealed to the government for assistance, but without success. The government wisely decided not to interfere in matters of this kind.

The "Poor Men's Trust" bids fair to destroy all competition. If it continues to grow at the present ratio, it will eventually present a problem to solve which may require all the political and economic ingenuity of British statesmen. At the present time, the society represents an actual investment of one hundred and seventy-five million dollars, all of which came out of the pockets of comparatively poor folk. It owns some fifty buildings, most of them enormous in size, and including some of the largest factories in the world. The number of its employes is estimated at more than one hundred thousand. But, perhaps, the most significant and astonishing fact of all is, that its shareholders now comprise almost exactly one-sixth of the total population of the kingdom.

The society is engaged in a great many enterprises. It describes itself as "wholesale general dealers, manufacturers, bankers, millers, printers, lithographers, ship-owners, fruit growers, dry-salters, saddlers, importers, dealers in crockery, woollens, ready-made clothing, and so on, *ad infinitum*." It is concerned practically in every commercial and industrial undertaking. New branches of activity are added almost every day, at a rate that, if persisted in, should soon enable the society, which appears to be the real thing in the trust line, to take charge of the entire business of a city of respectable size, without leaving so much as a peanut or corner news-stand in the hands of an independent dealer. Many have been the ways in which opposition against the society asserted itself. Political agitators, pamphleteers, preachers and doctrinaires, all have had their whack at it, at various times in the last few years, but proved themselves impotent to stop its growth and aggressiveness.

The *modus operandi* of this "Poor Men's Trust" is quite simple. The local societies go to the great storehouse in Manchester, of which they are the owners, and buy their goods on co-operative principles. In turn, the individual co-operators purchase of the retail society in which they are partners. The individuals are members only of their retail societies, and the latter are represented bodily in the wholesale society, and, as corporations, hold its stock to the extent of seventy-five dollars for each twenty members, being entitled to one vote for each five hundred members in the management of the present concern.

Since the organization of the society, the offices, warehouses and factories in Manchester have outgrown several sets of buildings. At present, the society is spending almost four million dollars on more buildings. It has its own architectural and building department, and the putting up of structures is all done by co-operative labor. Most of the large stores have admirable halls connected with them, which are rented to the public, when not in use by the women's guild of the society for women's meetings, educational purposes, receptions, or the like.

The co-operator has been forced to keep out of debt by a strict cash system, and a system of leaving dividends in the society's funds has assisted those who would otherwise have saved nothing, to accumulate savings. Most co-operators buy their homes. Payment is simple enough when it means nothing more than leaving one's dividend in the co-operative society to which one belongs.

The "Poor Men's Trust" has its own line of steamships, and agencies all over the world. As above stated, all the members are enthusiastic free traders. At their annual congress, recently held, they passed

resolutions vigorously condemning Chamberlain's coquetting with protection. The society's attitude is commonly construed to foreshadow the ignominious defeat of the Colonial Secretary's plans.

Whatever one may be inclined to think of co-operative movements, it cannot be gainsaid that this British organization has conferred a great many tangible benefits upon the working classes. Under its influence and protection, the standard of education, morality and material comfort has been raised to a notable degree. Judged by what it has so far accomplished, the society has more than justified the hopes of its incorporators. And the fact that it is closely identified with the Socialistic propaganda should in no wise preclude it from being given all the credit to which it is justly entitled.

ABOLISH THE JURY

BY JOHN LANGFIELD.

THAT various grievous abuses have crept into the modern American jury system is admitted by all who have any practical inside knowledge of court procedure. There are prominent attorneys who do not hesitate to assert that many a jury trial is a hideous farce, a disgusting travesty on justice. For them, there is nothing inspiring in the thought that a man can only be tried by a "jury of his peers." They only smile in a skeptical, pitying sort of way when somebody rhapsodizes, in their presence, over the Blackstonian eulogies of the jury system, over its being the bulwark of human freedom.

The present-day jury is radically different from that of ancient times, which was composed of reputable men who knew something about the questions to be decided, and who were expected to determine according to preconceived opinions, who were willing and expected to enlighten the court, and treated with courtesy and respect by the judge, lawyers and parties to the suit. A justice of the United States Supreme Court, in addressing the Yale Law School recently on the duties of citizenship, used the following words after dwelling on the fact that so many people are suddenly taken ill, nowadays, when summoned to serve as jurors: "The present jury system is little more than a relic of a semi-civilized system. The juror is treated as a criminal, or as if it was feared he would become one. He is watched by day and locked up by night. I hope the time will come when the juror will be treated as if he were an honest man."

A writer in the current number of *Munsey's* declares that the "jury of to-day is secured by the same bulldozing and bully-ragging methods that are necessary to enforce a draft or to collect personal taxes—and with similar results." In connection with this, he cites the following from the *Green Bag*: Here is a story which Baron Dowse, the celebrated Irish judge, once told in that exaggerated brogue which he loved to employ: "I was down in Cork, last month, holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said: 'Gentlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze!' And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock!"

Caustic criticism has often been made of both grand and petit jury systems. The former has fearfully degenerated. In many localities, it is chiefly and avowedly a body of persecutors, and not one of men required carefully to consider the evidence presented before it. The prevailing methods of selecting grand jurors are urgently in need of reform. The grand juror, a New York paper says, "may have been convicted of crime; he may be engaged in an unlawful business; he may be a liquor dealer, with possibly

a direct interest in the cases to come before him—but so far as the law goes, the commissioner of jurors is not required to examine him on these matters, if he is satisfied that he is of 'good character.'"

As is well known, the lawyers in a case called up for trial much prefer to have jurors that are egregiously ignorant of the questions to be decided. The less a juror knows, and the plainer the stamp of stupidity on his face, the better is his chance to be selected for service. In regard to this, a New Jersey critic has the following to say:

"When it is remembered that the original idea of a trial by jury contemplated the selection as jurors of those who were bystanders, witnesses, or persons most likely to have personal knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the crime, it seems absurd that a man should now be excluded simply because he has formed an opinion. . . . The idea seems to be that every man who knows anything of the facts should first be excluded from the jury box, and that, having found twelve men absolutely ignorant of the circumstances, an attempt should then be made to put them in the same position as if they had witnessed the crime. How much more conducive to the administration of justice would be the selection, if possible, of twelve unprejudiced eye-witnesses of the occurrence at issue?"

After the jury has been secured, it is carefully guarded, vexed and nonplussed in every possible way. The lawyers are permitted to explain their cases in a mode that has a tendency hopelessly to befuddle rather than adequately to enlighten the juror's mind. So far as the judge is concerned, he has a poor opinion of the intelligence of "the jury of peers." In private conversation, he strongly expresses his contempt for it; on the bench, he contrives to let the jury know and hear such facts only as he, in his autocratic discretion, considers them qualified to decide. At times, he does not hesitate to excoriate them for deciding contrary to instructions, or for weighing evidence which he regards as extraneous or frivolous. The judge has supreme, sublime confidence in himself. He regards himself as *Sir Oracle*, qualified to settle all controversies, and to come close to the Almighty Himself in the meting out of justice. The jurors are mere dummies—marionettes, to be "worked" and brow-beaten by the lawyers. How little respect some courts have for jurors can be seen from the following, which appeared in the Omaha papers only a few months ago:

"An interesting chapter in the . . . case was closed to-day, when the jury returned a verdict acquitting . . . The verdict was unexpected, and the court was so shocked that a dramatic scene occurred. Judge . . . denounced the jury, declaring that justice had been perverted, and that because . . . is a man of wealth, the twelve men would refuse to punish the guilty person. He also declared that all the evidence indicated the man's guilt, and that the jury had deliberately placed a premium upon this evil of stealing children. The twelve men at first seemed abashed by the outbreak of the judge, and hung their heads. Then they recovered and assumed a defiant attitude. The jury took only two ballots."

As a rule, jury verdicts are compromises, and, for this very reason, more or less in conflict with evidence and the demands of justice. The writer in *Munsey's*, in discussing this feature of the matter, says:

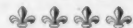
"I have no reason to doubt the story told me by a man, now dead, that he brought over an obstinate twelfth juror by beating him in a game of checkers. Who does not know the sleepy juror, the one who will vote obstinately, refusing to hear or give reasons? In a hotly contested malpractice case, involving the future of a physician of high repute, and bringing to the witness stand the best medical talent of New York State, I heard a juror say, after the jury had disagreed: 'That ain't no sort of a case for such fellers as us. We didn't know nothin' about it from the start.' This was, no doubt, true, since the question at issue turned upon a disputed point in operative surgery. Stripped of non-essentials, submission of a controversy to a

jury is simply referring the matter to twelve strangers, selected by lot, and requiring them to come to an unanimous decision regarding the merits of two stories. Does that seem reasonable? Is that the method any sane man would prefer? The law provides methods of arbitration—why are they provided, if the jury system is the perfect flower of the experience of centuries?"

The same writer then proceeds to discuss the possibility and advisability of substitutes. He thinks there should be professional jurors. There is nothing revolutionary about such an idea. It is in line with modern progress. Says he:

"We have long passed the day when every man was a jack of all trades. The decision of controversies upon weight of evidence, and the nice estimation of theories, is expert work, and should be done by those educated, trained, and experienced in such matters. After all, lawyers, in order to present their clients' cases to juries, are trained in precisely this ability. They learned to sift evidence, to estimate credibility, to decide upon the relative probability of opposing accounts; they, in short, are trained jurymen, and need only the law's sanction to perform the functions now blunderingly botched by the haphazard laymen."

Undoubtedly, there is considerable force in this argument. In ancient times, trials were comparatively simple affairs. Juries were not called upon to decide fine points in commercial law, or to try to follow and understand the learned arguments of subtly reasoning experts on the most abstruse subjects imaginable. As this is an age of specialists in all things, and as the courts must decide questions touching practically everything that goes towards the making up of what is known as modern civilization, it does not seem in the least unreasonable to demand that civil and criminal verdicts should be rendered, not by ignorami, untrained in logic, incapable of weighing and sifting evidence of matters beyond their knowledge, sympathies and experience, and frequently actuated by passion and prejudice, but by men known to possess all the requisite intellectual and moral equipment, thoroughly conversant with every feature of the case to be decided, and, for these reasons, fully entitled to the respect and confidence of judges, lawyers and parties.



THE SPENT MAN

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE sociologists have discovered and catalogued a new type of humanity which they call "The Spent Man." It applies to all of that old class of decreed men whom we have known as the tramp, the bum, the loafer, the idler, the grown-up, healthy, but worthless examples of mankind.

Men who know the world and life, as it may be lived, will find an infinitely apt pathos in that term, "The Spent Man." The sociologists, of course, apply it only in the light of their special interest in types with which they themselves cannot be classed.

Mr. Robins, superintendent of the Municipal Lodging House of Chicago, thus describes two "spent men" from the sociological standpoint:

—, 21 years old. Began work when 13 for the Queen City Cotton Company; worked steadily for five years. Seemed discouraged. Low vitality. Worked as common laborer two days. Gave up. Passed on.

—, 22 years old, Pennsylvania. Began work at 9, dog in glass works; steady four years; gave out; restaurant work three years, tramping since; power gone; passed on.

The argument in such records as these is, from the standpoint of the reformer, only an argument against the employment of child labor. It is a good argument, too, but the examples exploited are far from representing that populous world of men of all classes and conditions who are entitled to the epithet.

Even in the vocabulary of the Settlement house,

the Municipal lodging and in the sociological lyceum, "Spent Man" does not mean the man who is ill, or who is old, or who is near to death by poverty, desire or misfortune. An authority says, "It means the man in whom the vital spark is sunk so low that there is little hope of its ever being revived." It means that the spent man is adrift upon life's sea as a derelict; a ship without power, or sail, or rudder; helpless in itself, a menace to others, adrift in the high seas, incapable even of self-destruction and waiting listlessly for the final tempest, rock or whirlpool that must overwhelm it at last.

It is evident that in the new definition "the vital spark" does not mean mere life itself, and the inference is plain that the spent man of their reports is no more and no less than the man who has lost interest in the world, in himself, in everything that goes to make death a familiar and even a welcome prospect. In their professional pursuit of a chosen injustice, the reformers, like all religionists and all cranks, have made child labor the basis and origin of the "spent man." They seem to be unanimous in the opinion that the dimming of the vital spark is traceable wholly to such physical and mental depression as comes from toil, from hunger, from exposure, from material struggle.

And yet, "the Spent Man" does not always invoke the attention of the charitable. He does not always arrive at the public shelter; he seldom finds his way to the Social Settlement; generally he did not commence life as a child-slave in a factory. His name is myriad. He may even have money, reputation, an estate which is called home. He has never known hunger; his body is washed and clad. He appears well. He goes about the world observant, silent, even smiling.

Yet he is a "Spent Man." His vital spark is dim. He may be learned, courageous, capable of incalculable deeds, and yet he is a derelict. He knows the futility of things. He has arrived by knowledge and sorrow at that ultimate question:

"What's the use?"

And for this he has no answer. Knowledge and grief are correlative, supplementary, involved and yet separate. One is chance, or accident, or destiny, but it is inescapable. The other is logical, sequential, final and yet deliberate. One may trifle, live with the groundlings, delude oneself and so escape knowledge. But grief will not be denied. It is most poignant for that man who knows; sorrow is a pale, sinister, but quenchless light by which impressions, experiences, passions, disappointments, becomes fixed and permanent realities.

The man who, at thirty, realizes the worthlessness of fame will be a spent man at forty; he has lived in a dream from which he is ten years awakening, but in the cold dawn of certainty the vital spark which warmed his effort flickers and fails. If there were some way of recording such careers we might paraphrase the entries of our Municipal Lodging houses thus:

John Jones, 30 years old. Began his career at the age of 20 and worked steadily for ten years; made money, but could not buy with it that which he cherished most; knew everybody, but was unknown; hoped everything and found nothing; lost interest; low vitality; power gone; passed on.

The man of surpassing intelligence and much resource may be equally a spent man with the aimless pariah of the soup-house and the free lodging, but his case is infinitely more dreary because he knows. He may not sit in squalid rooming dives, reading and re-reading the old, greasy newspapers of a week ago; he will not stand in the umbrous angles of the wintry streets and ask you for a dime. He may laugh and

dine and swagger, and yet he may be sitting in the dead shadow of the black rock gnawing his own heart.

He who has not found love, who neither lives for others nor is lived for; he who is wise to that degree at which he can no longer delude himself; he who has lived too much in a time too short; he who has no sweetheart, no child, no dogs and no flowers, but who has known and lost them all, he is "the Spent Man" for whom, above all others, we must grieve, if we could but know him. And there are more of him than of tramps and beggars, and in all the world there is no means to save him. And he, above all others, is the man who makes no sign.



THE ROOM'S WIDTH

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

I THINK if I should cross the room,
Far as fear;
Should stand beside you like a thought;
Touch you, dear,

Like a fancy—to your sad heart
It would seem
That my vision passed and prayed you,
Or my dream.

Then you would look with lonely eyes,
Lift your head,
And you would stir, and sigh, and say,
"She is dead."

Baffled by death and love, I lean
Through the gloom.
O Lord of life! am I forbid
To cross the room?



THE BREAK'S SIGNIFICANCE

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

THERE is a good deal of loose thinking in relation to the meaning and possible influences of the enormous shrinkage in security values. Many a would-be financial critic declares that the startling collapse is merely and exclusively a Wall street affair, and, therefore, of no special significance. In his optimistically superficial opinion, Wall street stock-jobbers have arranged this little expensive affair all among themselves, and for their own special delectation. Why, he asks, should security values go down when prosperity reigns everywhere, and all the industries are in profitable, uninterrupted operation?

This question is of only fictitious reasonableness; it closely resembles the *petitio principii* in logic. This being so, it can best be answered with another question: Why should experienced, well-informed, powerful and courageous capitalists throw their securities on the market at falling prices if they really have assurance of a continuance of present favorable conditions? They certainly do not sell at big losses just for the fun of the thing, or just because they, in a spirit of sublime unselfishness, are anxious to relieve the monotony of a season that threatens to become more than ordinarily silly.

The capitalized wealth of the country (which is, to a considerable extent, purely artificial) has undergone such a vast depreciation for the simple reason that important holders of securities thought themselves warranted in selling, while quotations were still on an enhanced basis, in anticipation of the setting in of a period of depression and decreasing business profits. As every old-timer in stock speculation knows, or should know, Wall street is an adept in correctly

estimating the trend of financial and economic events, and for the very obvious reason that it is intimately connected with the heads of all the prominent business corporations of the country.

The late slaughter in values signifies the existence of a firmly rooted idea among the members of the *haute finance* that we, to use "Jim" Hill's phrase, have passed the crest of the prosperity wave. This may not mean much to the wayfaring man, or the bucket-shop *habitué*, but it means a big lot to the holder of stocks and bonds, and to the general business community. A diminution of prosperity stands for a shrinkage in commodity prices, wages and commercial profits; in other words, for a drastic readjustment of economic conditions. The extensive fall in security prices foreshadows coming events. It represents the customary discounting of the future.

Conservative, impartial financial critics are under no delusions in regard to the portents of recent doings in speculative markets. They are unanimous in declaring that a period of general shrinkage has set in, and that it behooves everybody to judge and act accordingly. Thus Mr. A. B. Hepburn, ex-Comptroller of the Currency, and now connected with the Chase National Bank, of New York, says: "Later the commercial and industrial interests of the country will doubtless undergo a similar experience. Those who have made mistakes financially must suffer financially. People who are too much extended will very likely come to grief. . . . Those who fail to heed the warning with which the atmosphere is surcharged, at this time, will surely come to grief. The stock market has fallen fifty points without serious panic or complications, and the business interests of the country will have equal opportunity to conform to any fall in prices or any reduction in the volume of trade."

This is stating the case in a nutshell. The commercial interests have been given ample and timely warning to prepare for the inevitable readjustment by putting their houses in order. If they are wise, they will heed the warning and thereby prevent any calamitous suddenness of contraction of profits and business; but if they are foolish and utterly disregard the danger signal that has been hoisted, they must not complain if, later on, they have to suffer the consequences of mole-eyed improvidence.



AN IDYL OF SUMMER TIME

BY BESSIE L. RUSSELL.

THEY were standing where the sun could strike them slant-wise, the woman and the youth. The youth was young, blonde, and enthusiastic; the woman, stolidly built, dark and phlegmatic.

Steadying himself by the grape vine which overhung the latticed gate, the youth exclaimed huskily: "I must go. I see no other way out of it. For you, for me,—it is best; and best for him,—pointing to the stooping figure of a man in a radish-bed. I would that it could be otherwise. God knows I do, Juanita, I love you. To desperation I love you, love you, love you." Pausing to mop the perspiration from off his Corliss-Coon collar, the youth continued yet more ardently, "It must be fate, cruel, heartless, relentless fate. Good-bye, Juanita, good-bye."

A moment more, and he had passed beyond the woman's range of vision.

With the intuition born of despair, Juanita gave one swift, searching glance in his direction, then: "Philip, Philip," she called passionately, "Come back, Philip, dear, if only for one single moment. Come, I beg of you."

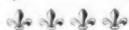
Wild, with a thousand heart-throbs concentrated in

his palpitating throat, the youth sprang to the woman's side again.

"My love, my love," he sighed earnestly. "Do you mean it,—can it be that—"

"Sure!" said Juanita, her one hundred and sixty-two pounds quivering with emotion.

"Don't you know you hain't paid your board?"



ARAB LOVE SONG

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

WHAT matters it to me if the rain fall,
Since I must die of thirst? Her eyes are faint,

They faint with ardent sleep, faint into love:

Her eyes are promises she will not keep.

I ask no more; let others give me all,

While she is miser of her beauty; all

Is nothing, but her nothing is my all.

Have I not loved her when I knew not love?

Keep far from me that bitter knowledge; nay,

Why should I die? and if I know, I die.

I have loved, and I have loved, perhaps, too much;

If to have loved as I have loved be sin,

I pray that God may never pardon it.



AN INSPIRED AVALANCHE

BY RUFUS M. STEELE.

IT was two years ago that the greatest hydraulic pipe line of its kind in the world was completed at the noted Sweepstake Mine in Trinity County. The contractors who moved the materials for twenty miles of steel pipe over steep grades from Redding to the mine, sixty miles away, point to their achievement as a record. They are proud, too, that during all the time that they had six hundred men employed in difficult and often dangerous work, only one life was sacrificed, and that there was only one serious mishap before the line was turned over—one beyond human foreseeing. But that mishap cost the contractors several thousand dollars for repairs, and the remarkable circumstances of it cost them a great deal of perplexity. While the great pipe, winding among the mountains, was being tested with a small volume of water, the flow suddenly ceased late one night. A force of men hastened along the line, and in a few hours found the seat of trouble. A landslide of thousands of cubic yards of gravel and earth had swept away a long section of pipe from a shelf where it followed along the mountain side and the water was forming a lake in the canyon. Landslides are not uncommon in the steep mountains of Trinity, but they come after the phenomenal rains, and though this slide came down a precipitous ravine, there had been no rain for months, and how it could have started was a puzzle which neither old residents nor contractors could solve. A hunter, who camped half a mile away in the woods that night, told of having heard a sound like the muffled roar of a cannon, but this was thought not unnatural when tons of flying gravel struck upon a half-empty steel cylinder thirty inches in diameter, and neither this nor any other circumstance shed light upon the strange disaster.

If old Henry Parthniss had not been born with a streak of ill luck in his fortunes, he himself must have been the discoverer of the famous Sweepstake Mine. It was the Coffee Creek boom which carried the veteran miner into the section, and after failing to find "pay dirt" there, he went to Weaverville, loaded his burro with supplies, and struck off through the woods into virgin territory. He camped in the Sweepstake Ravine for a week, and prospected the decomposed boulders, but somehow he did not quite get into the

ancient channel where the gold was later found. Leaving a trail of pick-marks behind him, he moved on ten miles to wild, rough Grizzly Creek, which is so nearly inaccessible that none but bear hunters had ever gone there. Just as in the Sweepstake Channel, the rock was decomposed and very soft. He worked into what seemed to be a rotten ledge and found that the water from the hillside above had percolated through it for unnumbered years. There was evidence of gold having been present in the formation, but it had washed out and away. Parthniss believed that at a depth he would find the yellow metal undisturbed, and he set to work with a firm faith in his ultimate "miner's luck." At the end of a year he had driven a tunnel, sunk a shaft, and taken out enough gold in small free bits to buy provisions on his infrequent trips to Weaverville. He required little, and the burro lived on manzanita and scenery. When he was beginning to grow impatient he learned of the discovery of the Sweepstake Mine, and of its sale to a syndicate for a fabulous amount. He went back to work with renewed strength. The Sweepstake people had let contracts for great pipe lines to bring water to their giants, and one line was to tap Grizzly Creek, close to the rude cabin he had built. When, at length, the pipe crew camped for a couple of days on the creek to lay the last section of pipe and build a water-gate, they found an old miner digging furiously in a long tunnel.

The occasional grains of free gold were no longer found as Parthniss left the surface, but he kept on, and just as his supplies were all but exhausted, he uncovered the most peculiar ledge he had ever seen. There was dark, almost red, metal in it, and the vein showed every indication of widening with depth. Parthniss threw down his pick and set off with the burro over the trackless mountains to buy more bacon and powder at Weaverville. As he left his cabin, he saw two men turning water into the pipe at the water-gate. The pipe was to run one-third full for two weeks, they told him, in order to test it before venturing the full pressure.

The fame of the Sweepstake bonanza had spread over the East. Mining experts had quietly arrived at Weaverville to look for other good things in the neighborhood. One of these was John Leslie Hendricks, M. E., confidential agent of New York capital, which had profited heavily by backing his advice, and was ready to do it again. He met Henry Parthniss, and the old miner told him about the Mountain Lion Claim—of the new ledge which was the queerest he had ever seen, but which he believed was full of gold. Hendricks was much interested. He did not relish the prospect of making the difficult trip to the claim until he had substantial evidence that it was worth while, but he would like to examine that peculiar ore and test it. Parthniss scratched his head. Eager to keep at work in the tunnel, he did not want to make a trip to Weaverville every time he had a small quantity of ore ready, and he did not want to miss this opportunity of getting expert opinion on his ledge, with the possibility of a sale. A bright idea came to him. There was the pipe with a stream of water now running down it.

"Do you ever get over to the Sweepstake?" he asked.

"Why, I am bunking over there to study that novel proposition in the way of one of the biggest gold mines on record."

"Good!" cried Parthniss; "what's to hinder my enclosing my specimens in a powder can every evening, dropping them into the pipe, and you watching for the can at midnight at the dump at the Sweepstake, and nobody ever being the wiser?" And thus was the plan arranged.

John Rodman and Charley Matthews, miners employed by the Sweepstake, carefully gauged the flow of water through the gate until it was at the required volume, and sat down to rest.

"Let's go up there while the old man is away and see what he has got in his tunnel," suggested Rodman. In ten minutes they were bending over the Parthniss ledge with a candle. Rodman broke off a piece of ore and held it close to the light.

"Whew! Do you recognize that stuff, Matt? I'm an Injun if it's not the very same kind of decomposed gold as the Sweepstake. I'll bet a good deal that this old quartz-miner hasn't the slightest suspicion that he has struck a ledge of the real thing."

Matthews examined the piece, his eyes sparkling, and agreed.

"Listen here," began Rodman, excitedly, "let's buy this claim before the old boy finds out what he has got, and I guess we won't need to worry about the Sweepstake any more."

Henry Parthniss, tired but happy, was cooking his supper when the men he had seen turning water into the pipe appeared, accepted his invitation to eat, and soon offered him two hundred dollars for his claim. "We're willing to bet that much on a blind proposition," explained Rodman.

Parthniss shook his head. He had worked too long on that claim to sell it for a song, and besides, he wasn't talking sale until he got a little expert opinion on his ledge. Yes, one of the experts at Weaverville was going to test his samples. No, the expert was not coming to the claim—not right away; a little bird was going to carry the samples out to him.

Midway between Grizzly Creek and the Sweepstake Mine several lengths of pipe had been left out and an open flume had been built in the breach. At this point the volume of water could be measured to ascertain if any were leaking and the pressure could be gauged. Late that night, John Rodman and Charley Matthews sat on the side of the flume, smoking their pipes, and occasionally dropping their recording instruments into the stream. "Matt, there's untold quantities of iron in these mountains, and when we get a railroad in here to haul it out, there'll be fortunes for lots of us. I've got some good claims myself, where the stuff sticks out of the ground." He fished a handful of shining bits from his pocket and displayed them on his palm.

"Hello, what he devil is this?" exclaimed Matthews, as he shot an arm into the water and drew forth a tin powder can. Rodman uttered a rough exclamation, and held the lantern. Matthews unscrewed the top, looked into the can, and emptied a quantity of small pieces of ore into his hat.

"Well, I'm danged!" broke out Rodman; "the gold out of the old man's claim, as I'm a sinner. So this pipe is the little bird, is it? And, of course, Mr. Expert is waiting down at the dump. All right. But I guess he won't buy the claim we happen to want ourselves."

He reached for the empty can, poured the samples from his iron claim into it, screwed on the top, and dropped the can back into the water.

"Rod, you're a genius," was his comrade's expression, and the two fell to the scheme which they intended should cause the expert to declare the Mountain Lion Claim nothing more than a ledge of iron-ore, and too remote from transportation facilities to be of any value whatever. Then old Henry Parthniss would be glad enough to take two hundred dollars for his mine.

Foreman Nelson was sorry to lose two good men next morning, but if Rodman and Matthews had their

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 Same with fringe at \$2.10.
 \$2.75 white real Marseilles Spreads, with heavy fringe, cut corners—Sale Price.....\$2.15
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hearts set upon going prospecting, of course, he would have to pay them off and let them go. They set out with supplies, doubled back through the woods, and camped at sundown close to the section of flume in the great pipe line. Again they waited on the flume as midnight approached, but they showed no interest in the flow of water more than to curse the current for being so slow. At last a tin object in the water flashed back the light. Ah! Just as they expected, the little bird was to fly again that night. Ten minutes later the men climbed up the hill to their camp. A pound of rich samples from the Mountain Lion Mine was in Rodman's pocket, while a tin can bobbed on down the pipe, carrying some pretty bits of iron-ore to a man who was waiting at the camp.

On the two following nights a traveling can was intercepted, and its cargo of gold changed to a cargo of iron. As night again settled upon the mountains, Matthews said to his partner: "I guess that expert has seen enough to make him not want to lose any more sleep to catch cans full of iron shooting out of the pipe, and I'm tired enough to want to do a little sleeping myself before the night's half gone."

"Don't be a fool," returned his partner; "if a single can of the real stuff got by now, you know it would ruin our scheme."

Matthews had been drinking, and was eager for an argument. The determination of the other prevailed, but they continued their loud words as they slid down the gravel bed of the steep little ravine and took positions on the pipe line.

Old Henry Parthniss had worked feverishly in getting out this strange sort of yellow metal from his ledge, and sending the choicest specimens of it down the pipe. But no answer came back, and the suspense wore upon him. He had told the mine expert that he would return to Weaverville in a week. But surely he had already sent down enough of the stuff to prove whether or not it was gold which marked his ledge in widening lines, and he could not wait a week for his answer. On the day that closed with the two novel highwaymen quarreling by the flume, he had poked the donkey out of sleep at daylight and headed him across the ridge toward Weaverville. By noon, he was sitting with Hendricks in a room of the hotel.

The mining expert was trying to break it gently to

the old man. "Yes, your ledge is worth holding, and when the time comes when iron-ore can be handled to advantage here, you will make a stake."

"Man, you are wild!" cried the miner; "there is no iron in my claim."

Hendricks took some dark samples from his pocket.

"These are unmistakably iron, without a trace of gold among them."

"But these are not from my mine," exclaimed Parthniss. Hendricks went out and fetched a box containing all the ore specimens which had come to him down the flume by their night express. Parthniss was amazed. He showed a particle of the real ore which he chanced to have with him, and the two men agreed that somebody was tampering with the cans which traveled the flume in the dark.

The miner wore out many sticks in clubbing the burro back to Grizzly Creek in the fastest time he had ever made in going the distance. His rage grew as he traveled. He reached his tunnel, dug out a few specimens, put them into a can and the can into the mouth of the pipe, and then, supperless and neglecting even to empty his pockets of things brought from the town, he set off down the pipe line. The flow in the pipe was no swifter than an excited man could walk, and Parthniss, forgetting that he was already leg-weary and gaunt, fought his way through the brush at places where he could make short cuts and gain upon his unseen companion. He believed he was keeping some distance ahead of the floating can.

Tirelessly he strode along for miles. He knew where the section of flume was built in the pipe line, and knew, too, that by scaling the bluff just before he reached the flume he could save himself some difficult walking. He had gone not a hundred yards along the bluff when he stumbled over the stake rope of a tent, the tent being screened by trees from his notice in the semi-darkness. As he got up, his muttered words were cut short by the sound of voices. Men were quarreling somewhere near at hand. He moved cautiously along, until he stood at the head of the steep little ravine. Peering down a hundred feet, he saw the figures of two men sitting upon the side of the flume, and presently the wrangling died out as one of them gave his attention to finding a match and lighting a lantern. Parthniss knew this place. The

narrow little ravine was like a gash in the face of the bluff. The rain had caused many a landslide to shoot down here, and when the contractors were building the pipe line, they had spoken of the loose gravel in the ravine with misgivings.

The man who had lighted the lantern held it close to his face as he turned the wick, and Parthniss recognized Jack Rodman, who had offered him two hundred dollars for his mine.

"Swing the light over the flume," commanded the other man, whom Parthniss recognized as Charley Matthews; "that can of red rocks ought to be due about now if it's coming to-night."

The old miner's hands clutched as intuition revealed the whole plan to him. In a flash, he saw how two wretched rascals were all but succeeding in their plot to rob him of the treasure which had cost him years of struggle and heartache. The involuntary cry in his breast for revenge was all but audible. His hands sought a ready weapon. He flung himself against a great log at his feet to heave it down upon them, but the weight resisted his strength. Even now the robbers had caught the can and were emptying its contents—his gold!

Old Henry Parthniss passed his hands swiftly through his pockets, though he knew he had no weapon upon him. From inside of his flannel shirt he drew out a parcel of stuff which he had purchased to use in opening up his ledge. He whipped off the wrappings and selected the first of the candle-like sticks. Into the loose gravel at his feet he thrust it until only the end protruded. In another moment he had strung a fuse.

While the men on the flume bent over his can of gold, Parthniss struck a match in the shadow of his coat, stooped to the ground with it, then turned and noiselessly ran back from the brink.

Before the explosion of the dynamite stick had fairly begun its deep reverberations among the peaks, startling the quiet night into a strange din, thousands of tons of gravel and loose earth had shot down the ravine, carrying into the canyon below everything in its path, and particularly a section of the great Sweep-stake pipe line and two men, who must have been dead from the shock even before being swept by the flying earth down into their deep, deep grave.

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ALL THE WORLD TO HER

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

Poets have told us in varied bursts of rapturous confidence, that Love is enough. Happy lovers, submerged for the time being in this dominant emotion, each fondly assure the other that he or she is "all the world" to her or him. As a figure of speech, aptly describing the depth of a feeling, it is true enough. As a continuing condition it is, in his case, not true, fortunately; and, in her case, true, most unfortunately.

The man lives in his own place and time; he is a citizen of such a country, such a city or town. He has such a business, art, trade or profession; belongs to such clubs and societies; lives and acts in the world. This he does, whether married or single, rich or poor, happy or unhappy.

Then if happy in his love, if he has a wife who is "all the world to him"—i. e., all the home to him—he comes back from his work to her, and is satisfied to rest in the love and comfort of the home. As far as he wants anything of woman, she satisfies him. She is loving and faithful. She is industrious and frugal. She is a devoted mother, an efficient housekeeper, perhaps even a good cook. So the man leads his life, in the home at night, in the world by day; and is content. But now let us suppose that the man, so satisfied with his wife in her part of his life-area, had no other field of life than that she fills, no other range of activity than with his dear ones in the home, his well-loved home; no other association save with his family—and callers! If she—no matter how beloved—were really "all the world" to him, would he be as satisfied with her as he is now? Could she meet all, or half, or a quarter of the needs of a man's life?

Obviously not. She fills, and fills perfectly, we will assume, that part of life belonging to wife, mother, home-maker, intimate companion and confidant. But she cannot fill the rest of it—the great field where every grade of friend, companion, business relation, political associate and all the other human ties are found.

No man could concentrate his entire working life on one woman, were she Helen of Troy. His love, his home happiness, is sweetest of all else to him; but he cannot make a business of love and happiness and be content.

He works "for her" in a large, general sense; a poetic sense; but, as a commercial fact, he works for his employer, or, in big business combinations, meeting many other men daily, serving them, struggling with them, organizing them, helping in some way to promote the world's progress.

What he gets in payment he may gladly give his wife, and rejoice to do so—it is always, obviously, more blessed to give than to receive—but what he *does* is not done for her, but for many other people. Picture him literally "working for her"—building her house, making her furniture, sewing her clothes, cooking her food—would that content him as a business for life—were she Helen of Troy?

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his faculties and satisfy his soul?
The poet may think so.
Swinburne has a poem in which a man is thus content albeit the lady of his heart had become a leper.
But we have no account of how long that frenzy of devotion lasted; whether it was a working basis for a happy marriage.
A happy marriage—for a man—means a wife who gives him all he wants from a wife—but involves also a happy working life outside. Let him sit down in his happy marriage and make an exclusive occupation of it for eighteen hours a day, and its happiness would wear thin ere long. So let the happy wife understand that she is all the world to him so far as she goes—but that he has—must have—ought to have—a wide world besides where she does not go.
How does the phrase fit her condition?

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And why unfortunately?

Because one man—were he Adonis, Apollo, or Prince Perlino himself—is not the world; and it strains him to be used as such.

Here is Mrs. Perlino, perfectly happy with her husband; loving him, admiring him, finding no fault with him as a husband; but when a husband is expected also to be a world, he is open to criticism.

There are, of course, her children, perfectly satisfactory as children, but also subject to this unreasonable demand that they be the world to her.

There is the house, a good house, an extensive house, but only a crippled mouse or an unenterprising wood tick could make a world of it. Yet husband, house and children taken together, the husband bearing the brunt of it, are expected to meet this extortionate requisition—to be "the world" to her.

She must satisfy through them every want of a highly developed human being, a social being; and she diligently tries to do it.

The house she rapidly and continually traverses, filling and overfilling it with all manner of things; arranging and rearranging them with tireless enthusiasm; soiling them and cleaning them in endless alternation—the systole and diastole of the domestic heart.

To the children she devotes herself with passion, a sleepless vigilance, an unrelaxing care. Well she knows that her status as a mother is measured by the intensity and continuity of her devotion—not at all by its results.

And the husband—the well-loved husband—if any want remains unsatisfied after the service of the house and the society of the children, he must fill it.

Every uneasy longing, every unsatisfied ambition, every craving for companionship, he must satisfy.

She, in spite of a full day of work and care, in spite of being tired, is not content.

Her occupations, her interests, her responsibilities, are deep, but not wide.

They are the first, the closest in life; but life has many more. The woman is satisfied with her husband as the man is satisfied with his wife. The mother is satisfied with her children as the father is satisfied with his. They both love and enjoy their home.

But just as the man, howsoever well pleased with his family and home, needs something more, so does the woman, equally well pleased, also need something more. Both are citizens of the world as well as members of the family, both need the larger general relations of life as well as the smaller personal ones.

It is not a question of choice between the two. The woman does not wish to give up her home and family and put a wider life in their place any more than the man wishes to make such a choice, such a renunciation. She needs the personal relation, at present, more than he does, because up to this age, they have constituted her entire life; and similarly she does not, at present, need the social relations as much as he does.

The man, confined entirely to the

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NAME

ADDRESS

EARL LAYMAN,
Secretary.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON,
President.

(Cut this out.)

The Mirror

home, finds life absolutely unbearable; the woman, most women at least, are still able to bear it, but, allowing for this difference, it remains true that a modern civilized woman has the same need for large social contrast that a man has, though in less degree. She blindly feels this need. She craves for something she has not. She tries to wring from her present surroundings satisfaction for this craving, and tries in vain.

She needs the world—and here is this dear man who has undertaken to be that world to her.

So she wrings him.

He loves her? Yes; but, as she feels unsatisfied, it must be that he does not love her enough. Or he does not love her in the right way—on the right plane. He does not meet all the needs of her nature! (As if any one human creature could meet all the needs of any other! As if human life was a *pas deux*—a *tête-à-tête*—a simple game of pairing cards.) And—final despairing protest—he “does not understand” her! That is true enough. He does not, neither does she understand herself. She thinks it is more love she wants, or a different kind of love, and blames him for not furnishing it on demand. He thinks simply that “women are like that”—gives her what he has and goes on living.

In reality, it is not further love that she needs at all, either a different brand or more of the same thing.

It is not more man, but more world—more life—that she restlessly and dumbly craves.

Failing to get it, she pushes uneasily against this well-intentioned substitute for a world and racks him with her continued demands.

One of our leading writers of stories has well expressed this position in repeated instances. She shows always some high strung and intense wife so rapturously devoted to her husband that she asks nothing of life but him—all of him and all the time.

That is, she thinks she asks nothing else. It would be a pleasant experiment to see a husband take one of these insatiate angels at her word—and proceed to make love to her day in and day out—one rampant, ceaseless courtship for years and years. Flowers, sweetmeats, theater-tickets, jewels, all the more patent gifts, tributes, bribes—whatever this form of devotion may be called; constant attendance, eager and devoted; watchful observance of her wildest whim, her least caprice, her most delicate shade of feeling; the everlasting presence and ceaseless devotion of the man she loves—would this, after all, make a woman happy? Could she respect such a person—a live man who had nothing to do in life but wait on her?

Could she continue to want what she so super-abundantly and unavoidably had? As a matter of fact, when occasionally a man does assail a woman with this besotted devotion, what is the effect on her?

She tires of it, of him; and, being still unsatisfied, seeks another man.

She thinks that since this oversupply of love does not, after all, meet her

needs, it must be a different variety that is requisite.

It is not love at all—life is what she wants, good, broad, common human life, not instead of love, but with it, besides it, beyond it. Love is not enough. There is no living creature for whom it is really the end of existence save the male of certain insects; they have no other end, are created for nothing else—cannot even eat; they love, mate and die.

It is not true that Love “is of man’s life a thing apart—’tis woman’s whole existence.” It is nobody’s whole existence. It is a vital part of everybody’s existence, beautiful, natural, sweet, indispensable—but not all. Here we have a large common ground of explanation for much of the unhappiness in marriage so general in our life to-day; under which women suffer most, and for which men are most blamed. The woman suffers most in an unhappy marriage because she has no other life from which to draw strength and practical consolation. She may try to drown her trouble in religion—and religious monomania among home-bound women is painfully common—or she may seek consolation in “society,” in excitement and amusement.

But a man has his work to take pleasure in, to take pride in, to gratify ambition, to obtain profit, to fill out the varied wants and impulses of his nature.

He has the world as well as the woman, and with them both gets on more comfortably. She has only the man. He is the world to her—or she thinks he is; and she makes him miserable as well as herself in trying to drag out of one never so worthy man the satisfaction which a human creature can only find in full human life. We shall have far happier marriages, happier homes, happier women and happier men when both sexes realize that they are human, and that humanity has far wider duties and desires than those of the domestic relations.

A wise fulfillment of the broader social relations will make a far more healthy and reasonable woman, and a healthy, reasonable woman will not expect of any man alive that he be to her lover, husband, friend, and world.—*New York Independent*.

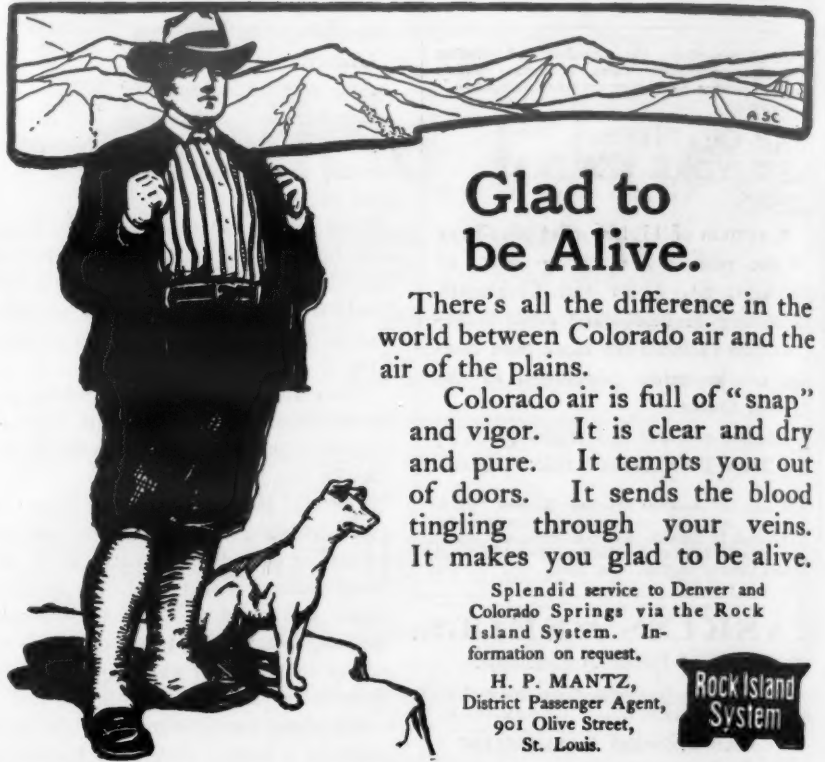
A PERFECT CRIPPLE

Vance Thompson knows the eccentric French novelist, Joris Karl Huysmans, well. While he was attending the Molinieux trial in New York, he said of his friend:

“Huysmans once delivered a lecture upon the text that God doeth all things well. He insisted upon the absolute truth of this text with great fervor, but a cripple in the audience said that such a statement staggered belief. He accosted Huysmans at the end of the lecture and, indicating his warped and twisted frame, he said:

“Look at me, monsieur. How can you reconcile with your text a man like me?”

“Huysmans replied: ‘You, as a cripple, are excellently made. I have seldom seen a more perfect cripple than you.’”—*New York Tribune*.



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The Papyrus is for people who have got tired of Canned Literature—who want to get away from the Eternal Trite—who demand Honest Thinking and Writing that is born of the Red Corpuscle.

Oh yes, we know They Say this kind of a magazine can't succeed, but if it's the Kind you would like to read, suppose you Help us to stay.

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SOCIETY

St. Louis' smart folks have this summer returned to the old-fashioned custom of resting and refraining from social gaieties. At nearly all the fashionable resorts where St. Louisans congregate, golf, tennis and out-of-door pleasures engage their time. "Early to bed and early to rise," seems to be the maxim generally adopted for the recruiting of mental and physical forces needed for the coming social campaign which, in view of the nearness of the World's Fair, will be more strenuous than ever. At Coburg, Canada, Wequetonsing, Oconomowoc, Magnolia Beach, Jamestown, Dublin, N. H., and Dobbs' Ferry, there have been neither balls nor elaborate dinner parties to interfere with wholesome summer existence. By the middle of September the city will be chock full of tanned and bright-eyed, health-glowing men and women, who did nothing but promote sport on land and sea for many weeks.

Quite a number of well-known St. Louisans, among them the Horace Rumseys, the Albert Bond Lamberts and the R. B. Dulas, will remain in the East till after the yacht races. European tourists are now coming back in droves, and by the end of September the social roll will be once more complete.

The marriage of Miss Effie Maude Cline and Mr. D. R. Fones was quietly celebrated yesterday, two days after the bride's return from Chautauqua, N. Y., where she had been summering. Mr. and Mrs. Fones will be located at 3122 Lucas avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wright, of Windermere place, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Edna May, to Mr. Isaac Lippincott. The wedding is set for August 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Balmer have announced engagement of their daughter, Amy H., to Mr. Charles A. Andres. The marriage will be solemnized August 19, at the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Preetorius, who were summering at Narragansett Pier, returned a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cook and Mr. Douglas Dixon Cook will remain in the East till September.

Mr. Festus J. Wade and his daughter, Miss Stella Wade, returned a few days ago from Europe, where they met many St. Louisans.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fusz are back from the Eastern resorts. They are located for the winter at 3750 West Pine boulevard.

Judge and Mrs. Amos M. Thayer left Jamestown for Westfield, N. Y., where they will spend the remainder of the summer, returning to St. Louis September 10.

Mrs. Campbell Smith is chaperoning a yachting party given by Mr. Edward

Mallinckrodt, Jr. Miss Frances Wickham, one of the belles of Shoreby Hill, Jamestown, is among Mr. Mallinckrodt's guests.

Mrs. Thomas K. Neidringhaus, Mrs. R. B. Dula and Miss Rena Dula are at Narragansett Pier. Mr. Niedringhaus returned from there last week.

Mrs. Robert Mudd and her mother, Mrs. E. Garth, are at Lindenwood for a month's stay.

Mrs. Charles E. Ware and her daughter, Miss Debby Ware, are in London, and will return to St. Louis October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. McClure left for Rye Beach last week to occupy their summer cottage there till October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hunt Lucas are summering in St. Paul. They are entertaining Mrs. Lucas' mother, Mrs. B. B. Blue, and Miss Virginia Blue, of New York.

Mrs. Corwin H. Spencer, the Misses Spencer, and Mrs. F. W. Allison and daughter, who sailed ten days ago, are now in Paris. From there they will go into Switzerland and down to Italy. The entire party will return to St. Louis in October, in time for the Veiled Prophet's festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop G. Chappell are at Charlevoix, Mich., making the rounds of other fashionable lake resorts from that place.

Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, Miss Julia Rumsey and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stoner are at Carlsbad, Germany. The entire party is expected to arrive in New York September 8.

Dr. and Mrs. T. F. Prewitt and Miss Beth Prewitt, are at Wequetonsing, where they have a pretty summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Little have again taken possession of their beautiful country home, which was partially destroyed by fire last winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hilleary, with Mrs. Bransford Lewis, left for Mackinac Island Tuesday night. From there they will go to Charlevoix for the rest of the month of August.

Miss Mabel Evans departed last night for Charlevoix, Mich., where she will remain for several weeks, returning September 15.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter M. Bartlett and Dr. De Courcy Lindsley are with a party, touring California and the Pacific Coast resorts.

Mrs. J. Beach Lane and Miss Lane, who have been at Manchester-by-the-Sea all summer, have joined Mr. Lane in an automobile trip along the Atlantic Coast resorts. Mr. Lane made the trip from Buffalo, where he was met by his racing machine, in a surprisingly short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Forrester have gone North to spend Mr. Forrester's vacation in some quiet Lake Michigan resort.

Mrs. L. A. Shaw and Miss Louise Shaw will leave next Sunday for Mackinac Island to join a party of friends, with whom they will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Boogher are in New York and will go to Atlantic City for a fortnight's stay before returning home.

Miss Anna Force asks that the Mirror assert that she is not engaged to Mr. Hodges, as was stated in this column last week, and the assertion is hereby authoritatively made, with apology to the lady for the annoyance caused by the misstatement.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Dailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter P. Dailey, of West Pine boulevard, to Mr. Charles Lewis Lyle, son of Mr. Robert Lyle. The wedding will take place in the fall.

Society is cherishing the rumor of the engagement of the widow of a late distinguished lawyer, jurist and financier of this city to a young and promi-

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nent lawyer, who was the protege of the lady's first husband. There has been no announcement, as yet.

Mr. Harry A. Burkhardt, of the Lawrence Hanley Stock Company, in compliment to Mr. Humphrey Camp, who left Friday for a Western trip, gave a supper for six at Faust's, Wednesday evening. Mr. "Jack" LeGau, of Washington, D. C., who has been visiting Mr. Whitelaw Sanders, of West Pine boulevard, and who returned to his home on Saturday; Mr. Geo. W. Walsh, Jr., of St. Paul, Mr. Humphrey Camp, Mr. Whitelaw Sanders and "Joe" Pelitour of Kansas City, were Mr. Burkhardt's guests.

Stella: "Did he get down on his knees when he proposed?" Bella: "Yes, but papa won't set him on his feet." Papa knew why. He noticed that the young fellow did not have Swope shoes on his feet, and couldn't, therefore, be considered a good catch for his daughter. The thrifty, thoughtful person buys only Swope shoes, because they are best in fit, finish and durability. They are purchasable at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewellery Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

TWO CLASSES.

The girls on the front porches in the evening may be divided into two classes: Those who work down town all day, and who tear off their corsets and put on dressing sacks as soon as they get home, and those who work at home in loose things all day and dress up in the evening.—Atchison Globe.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

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CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Type-writing Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

Popular Books.

The One Woman, Dixon, \$1.20; The Grey Cloak, MacGrath, \$1.20; The Main Chance, Nicholson, \$1.20; Love Thrives in War, Crowley, \$1.20; The Triumphs of Life, Payson, \$1.20. We have a complete line of good summer reading, paper and cloth novels, magazines, periodicals, etc., at

JETT'S BOOK STORE,
806 Olive street.

SUMMER SHOWS

The season's opening at the Imperial Theater, with "Heart of the Ozarks," brought to view many characters with which Missourians have become familiar in the last decade. While the crime element is sensational in the play, the love romance that runs all the way through it condones for all the realistic features of a hand-to-hand struggle at the edge of a precipice, the Northfield bank robbery and the destruction of a bridge by dynamite. These features are reproduced with remarkable scenery, and in startling effect. The leading characters of the play are Cole Younger, played by Addison J. Sharpley, Bob Younger, by Gabriel Lipman, and Helen Biscoe, enacted by Miss Bessie Mae Lester. Manager Russell has had his playhouse fitted out with electric fans, which dispense cooling breezes in quantities to make the house seem exceedingly comfortable.

"The Buffalo Mystery" will be the Imperial's attraction for the week commencing with next Sunday's matinee. It is highly sensational, being founded on the mysterious Burdick case. The discovery by Burdick of his wife's treachery, the evening prayer of Burdick and his children, the exposure of Bunnell's disgrace to his wife, the murder in the Turkish den, and the home-coming of Bunnell are but a few of the intensely melodramatic incidents of this play.

"The Girl with the Auburn Hair," an annual attraction at Forest Park Highlands, is the head-liner of Col. Hopkins' new bill next week. She will be supported in the entertainment of audiences by Bailey and Madison, Snyder and Buckley, the Trolley Car Quartette and others. George Primrose, who is drawing with the same force this week as last, has the honor of proving himself the greatest attraction the Highlands has had this year. The two weeks of his engagement have yielded the largest box receipts. Papinta comes next in drawing power. As they are still the stars of this week's bill, all records will be broken by Saturday night.

This is gala week at the Suburban Garden. The Innes concerts are on an exceptionally grand scale and drawing immense audiences. The programme is most pleasingly arranged and elaborate in its various spectacular features. Among the soloists are Mme. Grace Whistler Misick, Mme. St. Clair Martens, Mr. Alfred D. Shaw, Mr. E. C. Rowdon and Mr. Bohumir Kryal, all first-class talent. "War and Peace" is more than fulfilling expectations.

Pousse Cafe is again the attraction at the Delmar. It is as sprightly, musical and amusing as ever. It is a production that audiences do not tire of. Sidman and Harris continue to "bring down the house" with their irresistible appeals to the laughing apparatus of auditors. Miss Gallick still delights admirers with her cleverness and charming personality. There are people who believe that "Pousse Cafe" is the best thing yet produced at the Delmar.

At Koerner's, they are breaking records with the production of "Riche-lieu." Mr. Hanley must be considered a most versatile actor. He plays the part of the wily statesman and cardinal with surprising skill and force. He is, as usual, well supported by the talented stock company.

The Standard will open its season next Sunday with "Rush's Bon Tons," a clever, clean and most enjoyable burlesque. The Bon Tons have plenty of new and striking costumes, airy and dainty, brilliant in texture and color-

ing. There will be lots of brisk and swinging music, all the latest catchy songs, and an abundance of sparkling jokes. The vaudeville bill will be particularly good. Among the star performers will be the Musical Johnstones, Williams and Aleene, the Empire City Quartette, and Dorothy Drew, the handsome, snappy, brilliant sou-brette.

RACING REVIEW

In a really spectacular race at the Delmar track last Saturday, Mafalda won the Ozark stake from Mag Nolin and Mildred L., coming from nowhere in the stretch, and getting first money by half a length. She was coupled with Bugler in the betting, and the pair were held as favorites.

Owing to the frequent and incomprehensible defeat of the Hayes' horses when running as favorites, the betting public had little confidence in the entry. Opening at 8 to 5, their price soared to 14 to 5, some books offering 3 to 1 at the close. The entry was lightly backed at this figure.

Off to a good start, Mag Nolin shot to the front, and opened up a big gap. Wreath of Ivy made a strong bid, half way down the stretch, but collapsed in the drive home. Mag Nolin drew away again, and seemed all over a winner, when Mafalda dropped out of the clouds. Coming with a rush next to the rail, Mafalda crossed the line half a length ahead of the Haley filly.

Orris won the next most important race of the day. Well rated behind Lasso, who set a terrific pace out in front, the Ghio mare came strongly in the stretch, and won by half a length.

The sensation of the week was furnished by the attempt to ring a horse on Wednesday. Some four-year-old mare, believed to be a racer known as Abbie L., was entered in a two-year-old race, and was heavily played. Judge Brady called the horse to the stand and examined her, easily recognizing that she was not the filly Untrue, under which name she was entered.

Several arrests were made in the case, and suspects are now being held at Clayton.

SAVING TO THE LAST.

Apropos of economical housewives, Miss Adelaide Phillips, the great contralto, used to tell this story about an elderly aunt of hers who through some mistake took a mercurial poison. Miss Phillips, who was present, immediately ordered the whites of eggs to be administered as an antidote. The unfortunate aunt, almost unconscious, heard the order, and gasped out: "Dellie, Dellie, save the yolks for pudding!"

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We want you to know that this is something new; stockings that button up the back. An Atchison man who wanted to tell his wife about all the new styles, went to the bathing beach every day, while East recently, to watch the women in bathing for helpful hints, and wrote back about this new style. But women are so unappreciative of a man's efforts that his wife is mad about it.—Atchison Globe.

A startling array of the popular Kaiser Zinn, suitable for wedding gifts, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

NEW BOOKS

For that class of fiction readers which delights in detective stories, "The Gilded Lady," by Henry V. Chardon, should "fill the bill." It is a tale of considerable originality of conception, and provided with all the adventurous incidents and exuberance of fancy commonly required of the "real thing" in this category of literature. The author, we are given to understand, was formerly connected with the Secret Service, and must, therefore, be presumed to know what he is talking about. The interest of his realistic account of the hunting down of a famous gang of criminals is heightened by a well-developed strain of love. The book is gotten up in attractive style, and contains some good illustrations. Published by G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.

C. V. Waite & Co., 479 Jackson boulevard, Chicago, are the authors and publishers of a neat little volume entitled "Homophonic Conversations in English, German, French and Italian." For students of languages, this publication should be of interest and decided value, inasmuch as it is designed as a natural aid to the memory in the learning of the four important languages. In the preface, we are assured that "nearly five hundred homophonic words have been used." The little work is quite unique. It inculcates linguistic lessons in a fashion that is natural as well as scientific. The principal words of nearly every sentence have a like sound, and a like meaning, in each of the four languages. This relationship arises, as all students of philology know, from an ancient common origin and subsequent intermixture.

Willis B. Hawkins is the author of "Andy Barr," a story descriptive of the lives of two honest, likable young boys, whom, towards the close of the narrative, we find engaged in the battles of the Civil War. Their virtues and bravery are, of course, properly compensated. At the winding up of the tale, we leave them in the arms of two charming lassies. The author regales us through the mouth of "Andy" with a plenitude of homely, sound philosophy. Taken all in all, he has given us a readable story,—one of those which is always sure of finding large hordes of voracious readers. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

"In Happy Hollow," by Max Adler, author of "Out of the Hurly-Burly," is an excellent time-killer for this season of the year. It is well studded with humor and pathos, and contains an interesting elaboration upon the ancient, yet ever-fascinating theme of love between young hearts. It is written in a breezy sort of style, the author handling some moral questions without gloves, and the plot is sufficiently intricate to make the patience of readers hold out until their eyes hit the words, "the end." The volume is neatly bound and illustrated. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

BANQUO UP TO DATE.

Banquo's Ghost had just appeared on the scene when Macbeth fell into a paroxysm of terror.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the frightened guests.

"Nothing, nothing at all," replied Lady Macbeth, forcing him behind the scenes, "somebody told him the cook was going to leave."

Reassured by this explanation, the diners fell to.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



Sleep if you want to. But don't ask: "Why didn't you wake me up?" if you snooze until after Saturday, the 15th, and then lose the chance of getting a \$40 or \$45 Sulting for \$35 or a \$9 or \$10 pair of Trousers for \$8. We've been "boiling" at you over a week now. Lots of folks have heard, and heeded, too. No solid blacks or blues.

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THE CONDITIONS

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WHEN MARINE BAND PLAYS

Before you leave Washington, stranger, and before you, too, dweller in the capital city, pass bored criticisms on life here, go to the Marine Band concerts at the White House and Capitol. These musicales are given twice a week and seem to have caught the fancy of the majority of Washington's people for the past ten years or more.

The music played at the White House and Capitol plaza is of the best. Lieutenant Santelmann has a wide taste and his programmes range from Schubert to Sousa. For this reason the music lover is always sure to be present; for him this semi-weekly treat is one of the most charming features of Washington life. He will go to the Capitol long before the appointed time and choose a seat from which he can get the full benefit of the superb view of the city in the sunlight. When the band arrives and begins to play, he surrenders himself to a couple of hours' unalloyed enjoyment.

But the long-haired gentleman, with the white, tapering fingers of a pianist, is not the only member of the city's thousands who appreciate the music. Half an hour before Lieutenant Santelmann waves his baton for the first number to commence the great flight of stone steps which lead to the rotunda, as well as the shorter steps on the House and Senate wings, are black with people. The bicyclists, with their machines, are in their appointed place; the 17-year-old man with the girl who happens to possess his heart at that time; ladies, with their bright dresses and parasols; gentlemen in darker clothes; urchins who run about and shout like college rooters; the dignified policemen, in natty blue suits and gray helmets; colored "mamies" with baskets hugged close, are there—in short, a cosmopolitan crowd is present.

It is strange to see how the music affects the different people in the audience. Here is an old gentleman whose fortunes are perhaps broken. He wears a Prince Albert, once black, but now green and shiny along the seams. You patch and blacken those shoes as much as you like, old lad, but you know well all the while that they are perilously thin on the soles. He may appear shabby, but he is not cast down over his ill luck. Have you noticed the bright carnation in his buttonhole and the new tie he wears? See him sitting there, his hands clasped and his elbows on his knees, tapping a smart bamboo cane on the great stone flagging as if he were deep in thought. Who knows what he is thinking of—fortunes squandered, homes broken, lives wrecked and all because the scarlet cap and jacket came in last under the wire instead of first. He seems to be looking through the pavement instead of at it. A brave fight it has been, and the old gentleman is probably saying to himself that it will soon end if the blood gets any brighter on his handkerchief.

There are gayer pictures, of course. There goes a little darkey and her brother dancing with all the airs and graces of a pair of cotillion leaders. They are going through an impromptu ragtime minuet to the air of a Strauss waltz.

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What would the great herr have to say to such interpretation of his music? Probably when he wrote that waltz it was intended to be the talk of the fairest and bravest in Vienna. In America it is being used to put life into the heels of these little darkies. Well it is that Herr Strauss is dust these many years or he might turn over in his grave at the thought.

Watch, too, how the babies express their appreciation. Some of them crow and laugh, others are hushed into a silence that lasts until the concert is over. Some of them have inherited the love of dancing which characterized their mammas, and jump and wriggle as if they wanted to execute a hornpipe and were only restrained by force of arms.

Can you imagine a better place for the band to play than in the big space between the Capitol building and the heroic statue of Washington, with the gilt dome of the Congressional library seen in the distance? The music receives an added volume from the huge sounding board of the building and the beautiful surroundings lend it new charm. The Goddess looks down calmly and seems to enjoy the music as much as anyone in the crowd.

Do not forget, either, that a new zest is given to an air played by a uniformed band. It is even said that such a company of musicians can give any piece and may be sure of applause. That is as it may be, but at any rate, a story is told of a shrewd old band leader who made up for the absence of a trombone, a bass horn and a pair of cymbals by serving out gilt frogs to his musicians.

The thought that these men may be ordered to go out on active service makes the concert much more enjoyable for the average man.

The close observer will notice that there is somewhat of a difference between the crowds that gather at the Capitol and that of the White House concerts. Under the eyes of the Goddess the audience seems to be more quiet, it seeks a bench, and keeps it throughout the whole programme. At the White House it is different. Everyone seems to be in motion; promenading couples dot the lawns here and there, and the assemblage about the band stand is never still. This is possibly due to the fact that there is more space for a stroll at the White House. The music, too, has a different quality; you miss the greater volume, but in its place there is an added

softness which more than makes up for it. The setting, too, makes the music sound somewhat different from what it does at the Capitol. White House audiences seem to favor waltzes and dreamy nocturnes, while stirring, patriotic airs and brisk marches touch the folks at the Capitol in a tender spot.

When the leader arises in his place at the White House concert, and lifts his baton, the laughter and light talk die down almost instantly. When he waves it quickly, as a man might crack a whip, and the seventy musicians sweep into the air, conversation begins at once. This is the American way of enjoying the music. With us it is more of a means than an end. People like to go and listen, but they are not satisfied unless they can talk, too. They find that the harmony of these drums, cymbals and cornets gives a new savor to talk about the most commonplace things. Who knows how many young chaps have made a reputation for wit simply by saying nonsensical things at the concerts?

Abroad it is a little different. The music is the main attraction, and the people talk more between the numbers than during their performance.

It is an excellent practice, this listening to the band of an evening, and one which should be encouraged in this country. The city man will sleep the sounder for it, and will hold himself on the snaffle the next day. As a cure for the American disease of always doing something strenuous, of working hard at everything, even one's play, it is unequalled.

Then, too, these concerts act as an uplifting influence upon the people at large. There is and must be some good left in a man who will feel the tears start in his eyes at "Annie Laurie" or some of the simpler airs. For this reason it might be well if there were more of the better class of music played at these concerts and a little less of ragtime. The Marine Band need not fear that it will lose popularity in consequence. Ragtime may be safely left to the hand organ which Pietro grinds under the windows o' mornings.

In their neat white duck uniforms and caps to match, the marines present an imposing sight. It is well worth seeing them—the drummers and cymbalists beating as if for a wager, and the trombone men, the cornetists and brass horn players, with red, swollen cheeks from their lusty blowing—even if one were

deaf, the sight of the listening crowd with the varied incidents which take place, the bright color of the trees and plants, green as paint, and the band playing for all that is in them, why it should almost cure deafness.

Placed on their elevated platform, they are in plain sight all over the grounds, and the music seems to come from all around, such an effect does the slight height have on it. It gives you a thrill to see so many men using so many different instruments, yet all moving together under the leader's little wand. It is as if the great Herrmann were conducting the orchestra and had cast a spell over the musicians.

Washington can offer no view which will stay by the visitor longer than that of the promenade down Pennsylvania avenue after the concert is over. The crowd moves slowly, slowly down the magnificent thoroughfare, between the White House, the State, War and Navy buildings, and the masses of green in Lafayette Park. Like a long ribbon of many colors it winds about the broad streets, in and out from the two narrow entrances of the White House gates. It does not seem like an American crowd, it is more like a gathering of their English cousins. There is no pushing, shoving, or dashing madly after cars; the music has a quieting effect upon every one.

This crowd is recruited from every quarter of the city. The washerwoman may rub elbows with the society leader and the common lounge on street corners with the F street broker. A spirit of unusual good fellowship, as if this attractive pleasure had drawn all closer, pervades the air.

All this makes a picture which the visitor to Washington will be glad to take away with him in his mental camera, and the city man should be glad to have him leave with such a good negative.—*Washington Times*.



SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

Unusually low rates to Colorado, Yellowstone Park, California, and great northwest. Descriptive matter and full particulars Union Pacific R. R. Co., 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.



He—Miss Hasherly seems to have developed into a butterfly of fashion.

She—Yes; and they say her father got his start as the proprietor of a cheap restaurant.

He—Well, it takes the grub to make the butterfly, you know.—*Chicago News*.

UNGLOVED WOMEN

One fashion frequently influences another. Jewelry is at this moment exercising an autocratic sway over gloves. Women wear rings with enormous stones, over which the ordinary well-fitting glove is an exceedingly irksome article of attire.

Four courses are open to her. Either she must submit to gloves a size or two larger than those to which she is accustomed, or she must discard gloves altogether, or she must wear her jewelry outside her gloves as the dandies of the Stuart period did, or she must slash her gloves to reveal the glistening gems beneath—after the manner of the gallants of a still earlier age, as proved by ancient pictures.

There are objections to all these methods, but the least annoying is to leave off gloves. This is what many women are now doing. Stealthily but surely they are feeling their way toward the attitude men have so long assumed—that gloves are only worth regarding from a utilitarian standpoint, as covering to confer warmth upon the hands or to keep them clean. There is one sole occasion upon which a man puts on gloves in deference to the demands of etiquette, and that is when he dances. Neither have women yet dared to leave them off for these affairs, nor for state appearances, at the opera, and at parties in great houses.

Observant of the trend of fashion and of the independent attitude of their good customers, the glovers have added mittens to their stock. But in this country among the well dressed set mittens have proved a conspicuous failure both for day and evening wear.

As aspirants for patronage out of doors, women have a bitter quarrel against mittens, for they have found that the mischievous summer sun imprints a faithful portrait of the pattern of the lace on their skins, copying his joke of last year, when "pneumonia blouses" were worn and the shoulders of those who favored them were tattooed with the lines and arabesques of their design. The inelegant canvas gloves offered, usually in vain, to a sex weary of the restraint of kid play the same trick and enlarge the apparent size of the hand as well, traits that do not recommend them to women.

White kid gloves are in most demand now for evening and daytime affairs. The no-glove pioneers carry theirs like men in the day and wear them at night to go backwards and forwards between the restaurants and the theaters, removing them for dinner and for the play. The glovers have no need to resort to the old subterfuge of marking their wares one size smaller than reality, because modern women are being taught that tight gloves induce scarlet noses, and that by weakening the muscles and impoverishing the skin of the hands faded and wrinkled hands are induced long before age should touch and mar.

Manicurists are prospering as the result of the no-glove movement. Their clients are legion. The present aim of the manicurist is to perpetuate in the hands the loveliness of infancy up to extreme old age.

Nail and finger-tip coloring is out of vogue, and talons, once so modish, are now tabooed. Though they view with favor the craze for large finger rings and the consequent abandonment of gloves, they recommend night gloves of their own preparing which are smeared inside with a paste balm to give whiteness and softness to the hands.—*London Mail*.



ARE CLEVER PEOPLE UGLY?

It is a curious subject for reflection that in any collection of clever men the majority are ugly, writes Mr. Harry Furniss in the *Windsor Magazine*, and supplies a little picture gallery of pen portraits to prove the point. "Nature," he says, "gave Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton a face as long as the name he bore, 'a name that might serve in point of length for a Spanish hidalgo.'"

His was certainly the head of a precocious, brilliant, skillful, successful aristocratic man of genius.

Ireland has produced, for its size, a remarkable number of great men—soldiers, lawyers, scientists, clerics and orators—a number of handsome men, and a remarkable number of ugly ones.

Baron Dowse was, perhaps, the ugliest.

The day his caricature by Pellegrini appeared in "*Vanity Fair*," he ran out of the House of Commons and left London the same night—to remain away until it was forgotten. But it never can be forgotten, for it was true to the life.

Another Irishman, the Most Rev. Dr. William Connor Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, afterwards archbishop of York, known as the Chrysostom of the House of Lords, was one of the most eloquent preachers of the Victorian era, and a fine debater and one of the most effective platform speakers of his day. Like the majority of eloquent men, he was ugly. His heavy eyebrows, small eyes, short nose, long upper lip, large mouth, massive jaw, and shaggy side whiskers, when represented in repose, produced the portrait of a gargoylish head.

We shall probably have as many anecdotes of Tyndall as we had of Jowett; but I daresay the following is not generally known, and it shows the straining for theatrical effect which was characteristic of the professor. He was experimenting at the Royal Institution in preparation for a coming lecture, when a beautiful instrument he was using fell off the table. He vaulted over the table and caught the instrument before it reached the ground, and was so delighted with his agility that he practiced that acrobatic feat all the afternoon and "brought down the house" with it in the evening, everybody naturally thinking it was a pure accident. Tyndall may well be included in this gallery to show that I am right in saying that ugly men are often the cleverest.

Professors being, as a rule, clever men, are naturally not handsome men. Huxley, for instance, had the very opposite kind of face to that of Tyndall, and yet in his way could boast of being nearly as plain.

A gallery of famous ugly women

SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European artists that were brought to this country for his visit to Forest Park. In addition, the lands. The first of these is the High. The excellence of programme to be in

NOBLE WORK

The Civic Improvement League will, year, through its Committee on Play-ads. The league in addition, the children the hot sun. The direct re-

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could be easily arranged. In fact, when one came to compile the catalogue of women of genius, it would be difficult to find a pretty one. The majority of clever women—in the past, at any rate—have been downright ugly—novelists, artists, musicians, and other women of marked intellectual endowment. In fact, a pretty face, as distinct from one of strong character, covers a multitude of mediocrity.—*London Mail*.



UGHT TO KISS SOMEBODY

A married couple riding in a Clinton street car a few days ago had an experience which neither would care to have repeated. Accompanying the father and mother was their promising daughter of four years. Becoming uneasy, the youngster turned her pretty face toward her father and said, "Kiss mamma, will you papa, kiss nice mamma." The couple blushed and tried to quiet the child, who naturally grew more insistent.

"Not now, daughter," the father replied, "Wait until we get home."

Finally the child subsided into a puzzled silence and presently climbed down from her father's knee and staggered across to the other side of the car. In a moment she had made the acquaintance of a young woman, who sat directly opposite.

"Papa, papa," called the little girl. "Well, what is it?" answered "pop," a little out of patience. "Will you kiss this pretty lady? She won't mind."—*Elmira Gazette*.



ROMANCE VS. REALISM

Sentimental Maid—Of course, one must be inspired before he can write poetry.

Practical Poet—Sure thing. He must be inspired by a realization of the fact that he needs the money.



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THE BUFFALO MYSTERY.
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NEXT Attraction—EAGLE BURLESQUERS.

THE STOCK MARKET

A feeling of extreme uncertainty continues to pervade the agitated precincts of Wall street. While assurances are given that powerful financial interests have at last decided to come to the rescue, so as to prevent serious and wide-spread disaster, experienced traders continue to shake their heads in doubt and fear, and to express opinions that are utterly out of line with the optimistic utterances of the majority of financial critics. Wall street has lost its courage; more so than it ever did since the dark and dismal days of 1893. At the present writing, it seems to be firmly convinced that the speculative bark is headed directly towards the breakers and that it will require a miracle to prevent an awful calamity. This is certainly an ultra-pessimistic view of the situation.

Cynics find great pleasure in reverting, at odd moments, to the many optimistically-written articles which appeared in leading daily papers during the last few months in regard to financial conditions and prospects. They relate with unctious that some of these editorial wise-aces openly urged the bargain hunting class of its readers to buy dividend-paying stocks at prices which would now be considered extravagant and fantastical. It is strongly suspected that much of this sort of editorializing was inspired by parties in close touch with "representative" bankers and syndicates. The daily press may justly be criticised for having been altogether too prone to give prominent space to bullish interviews and to inflammatory accounts of sensational speculative coups managed by unscrupulous gamblers and daring blackmailers. Gosh, how they used to incite the reading public to foolish, reckless speculation by standing sponsor to editorial and reportorial slush-mushgush the wanton absurdity of which is now, in the light of recent experience, perfectly evident to every normally reasoning mind!

The New York Associated Banks are at last in a position that should make it less difficult for them to cope with crop-moving and legitimate commercial requirements. Their present surplus

reserve compares favorably with that of former years for the corresponding date. The same, however, cannot be said of the loan item. That is still dangerously distended, and, unquestionably, responsible for much of the prevailing distrust among the investing community. Considering the phenomenal shrinkage in quotations, it is, to say the least, paradoxical to a degree, that loans should continue to stand above the \$900,000,000 mark. Only one reasonable explanation can be offered for this, namely, that the banks thought it advisable to extend loaning accommodations to influential and sorely-pressed capitalists and syndicates, who, but for this reluctantly given assistance, would have been compelled to let go at enormous losses. There is good ground to believe that some of the financial institutions in New York were, at times, not in as comfortable a position as they should have been in the interest of themselves and their customers. The wholesale liquidation and consequent "slump" in prices made many a loan that was considered gilt-edged six or twelve months ago, look dangerously precarious. It is to be hoped, for the good of the market and the country at large, that all necessary measures have been adopted, by this time, to render anything like a portentous financial catastrophe in banking circles, if not impossible, at least improbable.

Conservative New York bankers express satisfaction at the present improved position of trust companies. Many of these institutions which, up to some months ago, maintained reserves hardly worth mentioning, are now known to make really decent showings in this respect. The recent action of the New York clearing-house, and certain considerations connected with coming legislative action at Albany, must be held chiefly responsible for this growth of conservatism in formerly distrusted quarters. The New York trust companies have everything to gain and nothing to lose by this change of business attitude on their part.

The sharp break in Canadian Pacific need cause no surprise. This stock had been advanced to illegitimate heights, and largely held by a well-known pool with ramifications in Montreal, Toronto, Boston and New York. Speculative conditions in Canadian markets have been seriously weakened by late untoward developments. It is believed that a good many weak accounts are still awaiting liquidation. Canadian Pacific is a promising stock, but it is difficult to see how it can avoid going back to par, or thereabouts. The Canadians are hopelessly entangled in the Wall street wreck.

The industrials are still suffering from forced and violent liquidation. In the iron and steel issues little or no genuine support can be detected. The late comparative firmness of United States Steel is viewed with suspicion by people who are given to look beneath the surface of things. Republic Iron and Steel, Tennessee Coal and Iron and the rest of the discredited bunch will, eventually, drop to a still lower level. The persistent weakness of that class of industrials best represented by General

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FOURTH & PINE STS. ST. LOUIS

Electric and Standard Oil is regarded as an especially discouraging feature.

The late weakness in sterling exchange has aroused a discussion of the probability of gold imports. That such a movement will be brought about in case conditions in New York should warrant it, cannot be questioned. It is generally assumed that the drop in sterling rates is due, chiefly, to renewed borrowing by New York syndicates in European financial centers. Some investment buying by foreign bargain-hunters may also have been a contributing factor.

A rally of good proportions is due, has been due, in fact, for some time. Whether it will come or not, in the near future, is something hard to determine. It is an abnormal market we have to reckon with, one that should be left severely alone by everybody that cannot afford to stand a loss. For people with abundant cash, however, it should be about time to step up to the bargain-counter.

The late changes in the management of the United States Steel Corporation have made a good impression. It is believed that the concern's finances will hereafter be regulated with proper regard to the interests of all the stockholders, rather than with a view towards furthering private speculative schemes. Some predict that there will be no more dividend payments on the common shares. The present market quotations of the shares lend a tinge of credibility to this belief.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The bear triumphs in Wall street still exert their influence on securities in St. Louis. There has been considerable selling in the last few days, for the account, principally, of parties unable longer to withstand the calls for margin. Brokers report that there has been some good investment buying. If that has really been the case, it should soon be reflected in a firmer tendency to prices. After the severe shake-out the market has experienced, it should be about time for the manifestation of a better sort of buying.

Street railway issues continue to absorb most of the attention of traders. United Railways preferred has again reacted to 65, sales, at times, being of a rather urgent character. St. Louis Transit dropped abruptly to 16½, orders to sell coming from unsuspected sources. At this writing, the stock is quoted at 17¼ bid, 17½ asked. The 4 per cent United Railways bonds are quoted at 80 bid, 80½ asked.

There has been less activity in the bank and trust company group. Missouri Trust is selling at 125½. Bank of Commerce sold at 320, the other day, and is now offered at 322. Third National is still in demand at 300, with none offering. Lincoln Trust is steady at about 247. For American Central Trust 152 and for Mechanics National 250 is bid.

Central Coal and Coke common is offered at 61½, with 60½ bid; the preferred is offered at 74. National Candy 1st preferred sold at 90 lately.

St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are a trifle higher; sales are now being made at 93. For Missouri-Edison 5s 96, and for Laclede Gas 5s 104 is bid.

Money is a trifle firmer. Drafts on New York are lower. The banks report increasing demand for currency from country points. Sterling is weak at 4.86.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

N. S. W., Chillicothe, Mo.—Would not advise purchasing Leather preferred. Believe stock is doomed to go considerably lower in the course of time. Western Union cannot be regarded as an attractive speculation. Lincoln Trust pays 2 per cent quarterly. Last dividend paid in June, 1903. Surplus and undivided profits about \$1,675,000.

L. W. R.—Would prefer buying Biscuit common rather than Pacific Mail. The latter does not and cannot pay anything. The former may go lower, and possibly reduce or pass its dividend, but holds out some inducement to people who do not mind risking their money in industrials. Pacific Mail will again have its day, of course, but that appears to be too much in the nebulous future to warrant purchases at present.

W. A., Charleston, Ill.—Believe Manhattan will go lower. Kansas City Southern preferred is a poor purchase at this time. Keep out of Norfolk & Western. Would get rid of Peoria & E. income 4s. Hold Union Pacific.


Tommie K.—No, do not consider this a good time to buy the industrial referred to, nor any other of that class. The surplus is large, as you say, but none too large should a business depression be approaching. Better wait. Cash won't spoil. Sell your Rock Island on first good rally, and do not mind taking a little loss, and do not grieve, if, after having sold, the stock should touch your price again.

"Lamb," Oberlin, O.—Do not fool with Hocking Valley. The boom has been pricked. Am afraid you will have something more than a "long pull" on your Wisconsin Central common. If you paid cash for your Chicago Terminal preferred, you might as well hang on to it and look at it, once in a while, so as to keep you from forgetting a valuable lesson in Wall streetology.

C. D.—Highest on Northwestern common was 271, in April, 1902. Highest on St. Paul common was 198½, in September, 1902. Both pay 7 per cent per annum. Yes, consider them both tempting purchases for investment, but not on margin. Locally, have no favorite at present. Would recommend waiting.

CHILDREN AND SPECTACLES

That spectacles on children were almost unknown not many years ago and are now comparatively common is a fact usually ascribed to the greater care with which the eyesight of both young and old has come to be protected, but this pleasant theory is vehemently attacked by a writer in the *Post-Graduate*, who ascribes most of the weakening of vision in children to the use of improperly printed and illustrated text-books at the beginning of school life. When first set at the task of learning to read the child's eyes are subjected to a sudden and trying change from exercise on comparative large objects more or less remote to very small ones at a fixed near point, and this, if the effort is continued too long, or if the work be not made as easy as possible, is cruel and hazardous. The type used in the modern primer is usually good, but the lines are apt to be so long that in passing from one back to the beginning of the next the untrained eye is wearied and confused, while the insertion of pictures in the text or on the margin, particularly if the pictures are brightly colored, is condemned as making difficult



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both the adjustment of the eye and the concentration of the mind. "The ideal reader," declares this authority, "must have wide margins, one and a half inches on either side, and short lines, not more than three inches in length. Verse is always preferable to prose, both from literary and physical standpoints. If all school-books were printed in this way, the more advanced books in double columns, children would be relieved of much of the eye-strain to which they are now subjected. A very common fault among children of the sixth year in school is the skipping of lines. This is due to the severe strain on the eye in trying to keep the place. It never seems to have occurred to anyone that it is the book that is at fault and not the child." It is suggested that the pictures in primers should be all together at the end of the volume, and the surprising statement is made that the reading lessons in the old Webster's Spelling Book were better adapted to the peculiarities of childish eyes than are the most elaborate of the modern productions. — *New York Times*.

THE HEAD OF THE TAIL

President Roosevelt's son, Kermit, has a face of the gravest solemnity, which, when he was a little chap, gave a humorous turn to everything he said. One day the children came running into Mr. Roosevelt's den in the greatest excitement over a snake they had seen. Teddy, Jr., was so worked up over the glitter of the reptile's eye, as it swayed its head, hissing and darting out its fiery tongue, that all he could get breath to say was: "Oh, papa, it had a head—such a head—I wish you could have seen the thing's head!"

"Well," said Mr. Roosevelt, "and didn't it have a tail?"

Kermit, standing wide-eyed beside his brother, looked into his father's face and said solemnly: "It was a tail."

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ribbon in neck and arms, were 15c and 19c, now 12½ and10c

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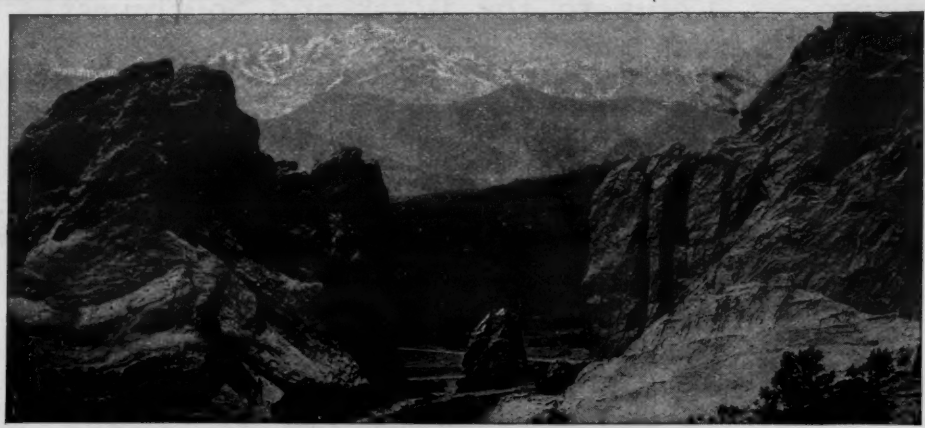
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